

THIRTEEN HOURS.

Fierce Battle Between Marines, Spanish Guerrillas and Regulars at Guantanamo.

ENGAGEMENT ALMOST CONTINUOUS.

It Commenced at Three O'Clock Saturday Afternoon and Ended at Six O'Clock Sunday Morning.

Four of Our Men Killed and One Wounded—Advance Picket Unaccounted For—Spanish Loss Unknown, But It Was Probably Large.

ON BOARD THE DISPATCH BOAT DAUNTLESS, OFF GUANTANAMO, Sunday, June 13, via MOLE ST. NICHOLAS, Hayti, June 13.—Lieut. Col. R. W. Huntington's battalion of regulars, which landed from the transport Panther on Friday and encamped on the hill guarding the abandoned cable station at the entrance to the outer harbor of Guantanamo, has been engaged in beating off a bush attack by Spanish guerrillas and regulars since 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon. The fighting was almost continuous for 13 hours until 6 o'clock Sunday morning, when reinforcements were landed from the Marblehead.

Four of our men were killed and one wounded. The advance pickets under Lieuts. Neville and Shaw are unaccounted for. Among the killed is Assistant Surgeon John Blair Gibbs, son of Maj. Gibbs, of the regular army, who fell in the Custer massacre. His home was at Richmond, Va., but he has been practicing in New York and he entered the service since the war began. He was a very popular officer. The others killed are Serg. Charles H. Smith, of Smallwood; Private William Dunphy, of Gloucester, Mass., and Private James McColgan, of Stoneham, Mass.

Corporal Glass was accidentally wounded in the head.

The Spanish loss is unknown, but it was probably considerable. The splashes of blood found at daylight at the position the Spaniards occupied indicate fatalities, but their comrades carried off the killed and wounded.

The engagement began with desultory firing at the pickets 1,000 yards inland from the camp. Capt. Spicer's company was doing guard duty and was driven in, finally rallying on the camp and repulsing the enemy at 5 o'clock. The bodies of privates McColgan and Dunphy were found, both shot in the head. The large cavities caused by the bullets, which inside a range of 500 yards have a rotary motion, indicate that the victims were killed at close range.

The bodies were stripped of shoes, hats and cartridge belts, and horribly mutilated with machetes.

When they were brought in the whole battalion formed three sides of a hollow square about the camp on the hill top. Below in the bay were the war ships at anchor. Inland from the hill camp is a deep ravine and beyond this are high hills. The adjacent country is heavy with a thick growth. The sky was blanketed with clouds, and when the sun set a gale was blowing seaward. Night fell, thick and impenetrable.

The Spanish squads concealed in the chapparel cover had the advantage, the Americans on the ridge furnishing fine targets against the sky and the white tents. The Spaniards fought from cover till midnight, discoverable only by flashes at which the marines fired volleys. The repeaters sounded like crackers in a barrel.

The Marblehead launch, a Colt machine gun in her bow, pushed up the bay enfilading the Spaniards, and it is thought that some were killed. The marines trailed much blood to the water's edge and there lost it. Sharks are numerous in the vicinity.

The ships threw their search lights ashore, the powerful electric eyes sweeping the deep tropic foliage and disclosing occasionally skulking parties of Spaniards. It all resembled a transformation scene at the harbor. Each discovery of the enemy was greeted by the cracks of carbine fire along the edge of the camp ridge or by the long roll of the launch's machine guns, searching the thickets with a leaden stream.

Shortly after midnight came the main attack. The Spaniards made a gallant charge up the southwest slope, but were met by repeated volleys from the main body and broke before they were one-third of the way up the hill; but they came so close that at points there was almost a hand to hand struggle. The officers used their revolvers. Three Spaniards got through the open formation to the edge of the camp. Col. Jose Campina, the Cuban guide, discharged his revolver, and they, turning and finding themselves without support, ran helter skelter down the reverse side of the hill. It was during this assault that Assistant Surgeon Gibbs was killed. He was shot in the head in front of his own tent, the farthest point of attack. He fell into the arms of Private Sullivan and both dropped. A second bullet threw dust in their faces. Surgeon Gibbs lived ten minutes, but did not regain consciousness.

The surgeons of the hospital corps then removed their quarters to the trenches about the old Spanish stock-

ade north of the camp. The attacks were continued at intervals throughout the rest of the night, with firing from small squads in various directions.

Toward morning the fire slackened. Dawn is the favorite time for attack, and, as the east paled, the marines lying on their guns were aroused. Some were actually asleep, as they had no rest for 48 hours and tired nature could no longer stand the strain. But no attack came.

Three new 12-pound field guns, which could not be used during the night for fear of hitting our own men, shelled several squads of Spaniards after daylight. They dove into the bushes like prairie dogs into burrows as the shells broke over them in the gray dawn. As the correspondent talked with Maj. Cockrell, who was in charge of the outposts, word came of the finding of the body of Sergt. Smith. He was reported as having been killed at five o'clock on the previous day, but it appears that he had been seen alive at ten o'clock in the evening. When and how he was killed no one knows at this writing. Neither had the men been mustered nor had the outposts of Lieut. Neville and Shaw been relieved.

Lieut. Col. Huntington and Maj. Cockrell gave high praise to the nerve and steadiness of officers and men, especially the young ones, as the engagement was a baptism of fire for a large majority. The men were in darkness and in a strange land, but they stood to their posts with courage and fortitude and there was no symptom of panic.

The marines, though very much exhausted, were eager for more fighting, promising to inflict heavy punishment. They complimented the daring of the Spaniards with characteristic camp profanity.

Sunday the amplest precautions were taken and as the Dauntless left reinforcements were landing from the Marblehead. A stormy time was expected.

Estimates vary as to the attacking force, some say 200 and the figures run as high as 1,000. Col. Campina, the Cuban guide, said the Spaniards were mostly irregulars, but the reports of the discharge of Mauser rifles would indicate that they were regulars, as most of the guerrillas carry Remingtons. The Cuban guerrillas, as a rule, have more dash and courage than the regulars.

The new campaign uniforms prove satisfactory and are almost invisible at a distance of 200 yards. The Lee guns caused several accidents in drawing cartridges. Corporal Glass shattered his hand.

Despite the loss of the men, which is keenly regretted, the marines rejoice that they have been engaged in their first fight on Cuban soil. They sailed from New York the day war was declared and expected to land within a week at Havana. Since then, until landed on the shore of Guantanamo bay, they had been cooped up on the Panther and they had begun to fear that the troops would beat them after all.

In controlling the outer harbor of Guantanamo, where Lieut. Col. Huntington's battalion of marines landed on Friday, R. Adm. Sampson secures possession of the Cuban terminus of the French cable to Hayti. The apparatus in the office at the harbor mouth was wrecked by a shell but the cable steamer Adria has instruments and operators aboard and direct communication with Washington will soon be established. The distance overland to Santiago around the bay is about sixty miles and the roads have been rendered impassable by the Cubans under Pedro Perez. The first division of the Cuban army claims to have 4,000 men, but these figures are probably over estimated. The Cubans believe that there are about 3,500 soldiers in the vicinity of Caimanera, which lies at the entrance to the inner harbor. Guantanamo City is inland about 15 miles. The two harbors are connected by a narrow channel. It is the outer harbor which Adm. Sampson now holds with the Marblehead, the Yosemite and the Vixen, and with a battalion of marines on the crest of a blunt topped eminence commanding the entrance on the western side. In the inner harbor are two small Spanish gunboats and at Caimanera there is a battery.

An expedition of three steam launches, officered by Lieut. Norman, Ensign Eustis, son of Mr. James D. Eustis, former United States ambassador to France, and Cadet G. Van Orden, under the general command of Lieut. Anderson, of the cruiser Marblehead, Saturday night, dragged for mines, but found none. Lieut. Anderson, who distinguished himself at Cienfuegos, pulled a dingy within 50 yards of the fort without being discovered. He found the fort to consist of masonry, with three guns mounted seaward.

Judging from the panic in which the Spaniards fled from the village at Fisherman's Point, they will scatter at the first approach. They left at Fisherman's Point three antiquated Howitzers, several cases of ammunition, shell and canister, some Mauser rifles and a regimental flag of the Infanteria Del Principe No. 3.

Every precaution has been taken to guard the men from disease. All huts in the locality have been razed, large cases of Spanish wine have been smashed, two wells have been boarded up and all the drinking water used is

supplied from the fleet. The marines are well equipped for the campaign. The camp will probably be named Camp McCalla, after the commander of the Marblehead, who is indefatigable and has not removed his clothing since the bombardment.

Sunday morning the British steamer Newfoundland, of Montreal, with a general cargo from Halifax, steamed into the harbor. Her commander was greatly surprised at the presence of the Americans, but he retained enough composure to dip his flag three times and then started to put about. A shot across the bows from the Marblehead stopped him and the vessel was boarded, her papers showing that she was bound for Jamaica. The captain explained that he had put in to see if he could get a return cargo of sugar. He was informed that he could not and was then allowed to proceed.



GEN. WILLIAM R. SHAFER. (In Command of the Army Expedition to Santiago de Cuba.)

DESTRUCTIVE FLAMES.

Case's Immense Power House, Detroit, Mich., a Total Loss—Five Firemen Badly Burned.

DETROIT, Mich., June 13.—G. F. Case's immense power building on Congress street, west, was discovered on fire at 3 o'clock Saturday morning. The building was a very large seven-story structure, occupied by many light manufacturing concerns. It was completed a year ago on the site formerly occupied by a large livery stable, which had burned, causing the death of five men. The power building is already a total loss.

A four-story annex to the Buhl office building facing on Congress street west was set afire on top by falling of burning debris from the Case building. The annex was badly gutted. Part of spire of St. Paul's Episcopal church was burned. Two firemen were badly burned and three were injured by falling walls.

Several incipient flames started in the Wayne county bank building and other office structures in the vicinity and numerous awnings and other inflammable materials were consumed. Several little fires caught in the 11-story Union Trust building, which was directly to leeward of the burning power building, but further serious spread of flames was checked. An old two-story wooden structure west of the Case building was crushed by a portion of the tottering wall falling upon it. The front walls of the Case building leaned outward menacingly and finally fell in the street, portions at a time. Nothing of the Case building was saved.

The Case building was valued at \$90,000. It was insured for \$60,000. The contents are roughly estimated at \$100,000, but may reach above that amount.

FORTS BURNED.

They Are Destroyed by Order of Gen. Blanco—Troops Being Concentrated in Large Cities.

KEY WEST, Fla., June 13.—The Spaniards, under orders from Blanco, are burning all block forts and the troops are concentrating in large cities. From three southern ports of Cuba come reports of destruction. Plantations have been ravaged and homes burned, so that the "Yankees" would find nothing in case of a landing. The guns on block forts have been ordered north. Blanco has built a new trocha extending from Havana to Matanzas, and he gives out that all new fortifications have rapid-fire guns of heavy caliber. There is positive information that more than 20,000 Spanish troops are in Havana and Matanzas.

Choyinski to Fight McCoy.

CHICAGO, June 13.—Joe Choyinski has signed articles to fight Kid McCoy 20 rounds before the Hawthorne Athletic club of Buffalo, New York, August 27. The men will fight at catch weights. The purse offered is \$7,500, winner to take 75 per cent., loser 25 per cent. According to the articles signed, the men are at liberty to hit with one arm free in the breakaways. To bind the match each man will immediately put up a forfeit of \$500.

Light Artillery for the Philippines.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 13.—Seven batteries of light artillery will go to Manila if present plans are carried out. Orders have been issued for Batteries B, H, K and L of the Third artillery, now at the Presidio, to join the command of Gen. Merritt for duty in the Philippines.

A Washington dispatch says that the Monadnock has been ordered to go to Hawaii with a transport carrying a large number of marines, raise the American flag there and establish a base of supplies.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

Adm. Sampson Tells of the Heroism of Lieut. Hobson and His Men.

The Plan of Sinking the Merrimac Was Hobson's—The American Admiral Considers the Deed One of the Bravest Since Cushing's.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The navy department Saturday posted the following bulletin giving a detailed official report from Adm. Sampson upon the heroism of Lieut. Hobson and his men in sinking the Merrimac in the Santiago channel:

"UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP NEW YORK, OFF SANTIAGO, June 3, 1898.—Permit me to call your special attention to Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson. As stated in a special telegram, before coming here I decided to make the harbor entrance secure against the possibility of egress by Spanish ships by obstructing the narrow part of the entrance by sinking a collier at that point. Upon calling upon Mr. Hobson for his professional opinion as to a sure method of sinking the ship he manifested the most lively interest in the problem. After several days' consideration he presented a solution which he considered would insure the immediate sinking of the ship when she reached the desired point in the channel. This plan we prepared for execution when we reached Santiago. The plan contemplated a crew of only seven men and Mr. Hobson, who begged that it might be entrusted to him. The anchor chains were arranged on deck for both the anchors, forward and aft, the plan including the anchoring of the ship almost automatically.

As soon as I reached Santiago and I had the collier to work upon and the details were completed, and diligently prosecuted hoping to complete them in one day as the moon and tide served the first night after our arrival. Notwithstanding every effort the hour of 4 o'clock in the morning arrived, and the preparation was scarcely completed. After a careful inspection of the final preparations I was forced to relinquish the plan for that morning as dawn was breaking. Mr. Hobson begged to try it at all hazards.

This morning proved more propitious, as a prompt start could be made. Nothing could have been more gallantly executed. We waited impatiently after the firing by the Spaniards had ceased. When they did not reappear from the harbor at 6 o'clock I feared that they had all perished. A steam launch, which had been sent in charge of Naval Cadet Powell to rescue the men, appeared at this time coming out under a persistent fire of the batteries, but brought none of the crew. A careful inspection of the harbor from this ship showed that the vessel Merrimac had been sunk in the channel.

This afternoon the chief of staff of Adm. Cervera came out under a flag of truce with a letter from the admiral extolling the bravery of the crew in an unusual matter.

I can not myself too earnestly express my appreciation of the conduct of Mr. Hobson and his gallant crew. I venture to say that a more brave and daring thing has not been done since Cushing blew up the Albatross.

Referring to the inspiring letter which you addressed to the officers at the beginning of the war I am sure you will offer a suitable professional reward to Mr. Hobson and his companions.

I must add that Commander J. M. Miller relinquished his command with the very greatest reluctance believing he would retain his command under all circumstances. He was, however, finally convinced that the attempt of another person to carry out the multitude of details which had been in preparation by Mr. Hobson might endanger its proper execution. I therefore took the liberty to relieve him for this reason only. There were hundreds of volunteers who were anxious to participate; there were 150 from the Iowa, nearly as many from this ship, and large numbers from all the other ships, officers and men alike. (Signed) "W. T. SAMPSON."

Useless to Talk of Peace.

MADRID, June 13.—Several Spanish generals are quoted as saying that Spain can continue the war in Cuba for two years and that it is useless to talk of peace unless on the basis of status quo ante bellum. Political circles declare no suggestions for peace have been received, that such suggestions would be declined, and that Spain has decided to pursue the war to the bitter end.

Hobson and Men Well.

NEW YORK, June 13.—The British consul at Santiago de Cuba has sent the following dispatch via Halifax to the World:

"Replying to your cablegram, Lieut. Hobson and his men are well. They are also well cared for by authorities. I have myself just seen him.

"RAMDEN, British consul."

The Temerario Must Leave Asuncion. BUENOS AYRES, June 13.—The government of Paraguay, acting upon the representations of the United States consul at Montevideo, has notified the commander of the Spanish torpedo gunboat Temerario, now at Asuncion, that he must disarm that vessel if he desires to remain in port. The Spanish commander refused to do so and thereupon he was informed that the Temerario must leave Asuncion as soon as the repairs of her machinery are completed, which must be quickly done.

HER EXPLANATION.

The Told Him How He Would Make Her and Mamma and Auntie Happier.

There are incidents of real life which constantly prove that truth is often more amusing as well as more strange than fiction. A sweet, gentle-voiced girl—one from whose disposition sarcasm is as far as frost from an active volcano—won the affections of a young man. It was an unintentional conquest on her part, but none the less complete. He propounded the old question and she demurred. He bided his time and again proffered his suit. She again delayed an answer. But the third time she received his question first with silence and then with assent.

"And you will be mine?" he asked.

"Yes."

"It seems too good to be true. When shall the wedding take place?"

"I don't know."

"There is no use in putting it off."

"No," she answered, "I think not."

"Say a week from to-day?"

"Very well."

"I knew that you would realize that you can be happier with me than without me," he suggested, a little triumphantly.

"Yes," she answered, "I do realize it now. You see, since Uncle Bob went away, mamma and auntie and I have been quite alone. We all talked it over and agreed that it would be ever so much safer to have a man in the house at nights."

"Washington Star."

May Be a Destiny Fellow.

"I have just read," said Chollie, "that the great Napoleon spent more than \$4,000 a year on dress. It twines me."

"What twines you, you idiot?" asked his disgusted father.

"To find that we are so similar. Who knows but I am one of those destiny fellows."

"—Indianapolis Journal."

The Chinese Flag.

The standard of the Celestial Empire is a very queer looking affair. It represents the most grotesque of green dragons on a yellow ground. The latter is suggestive not only of the national complexion, but also of that of a sufferer from biliousness. To remove this unbecoming tint from the complexion, use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will speedily regulate your liver, prevent malaria, and remedy dyspepsia, nervousness, rheumatism and kidney complaint.

Pa's Definition.

Teacher—Harry, can you tell me the meaning of the word "infinitesimal?"

Harry—I can't exactly, but I can tell you what father says it means.

"Very well; your father is a man of learning, and his definition will probably be in accord with that of the books; let us have it, Harry."

"Well, pa says it means a watering place bathing suit."

—Richmond Dispatch.

The Omaha Exposition of 1898.

Beats the Centennial Exposition which occurred in Philadelphia in 1876 away out of sight and is next to the World's Fair at Chicago in importance to the whole country. All of the States in the Trans-Mississippi region are interested, and our Eastern friends will enjoy a visit to Omaha during the continuance of the Exposition, from June to October, inclusive.

Buy your extension tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. An illustrated folder descriptive of the Exposition will be sent you on receipt of 2-cent stamp for postage. Address Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The Funny Man.

Miss Mattinay—You won't mind my sitting down in my bonnet, Mr. Sparkle, will you?

Sparkle (the well-known comic writer, quoting one of his latest witticisms)—Not at all; it will only flatten it out a little.

"O, come now, Mr. Sparkle, I know that is not your own. I saw it in print the other day!"

—Moonshine.

Give the Children a Drink called Grain-O.

It is a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it, because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties. Grain-O aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder, and children, as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 4 as much as coffee. 15 and 25c.

An Indiana Purist.

One of the New Proprietors—Shall we put out a sign: "This place has changed hands?"

The Other New Proprietor—No. It hasn't changed hands. We have all the old help, haven't we? Hang out a sign that it has changed heads.—Indianapolis Journal.

Opinions Differ.

Alas! those qualities that cause us to feel our own superiority are precisely the ones that rate us as inferior among our acquaintances.—Puck.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.
A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A La Cupid.
Ned—She has a fascinating quiver in her voice.
Ted—Yes, and she uses it to hold her beau.
—N. Y. Journal.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

Time is money. That is, it takes considerable money to have much of a time.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The best time to pick a strange watermelon is in the dark of the moon.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—Ralph Erie, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

A darky never looks as picturesque as in a snow storm.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Pigs do not squeal when they are feeding.—Rami's Horn.

Appetite---Strength

Without the First You Cannot Have the Last.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gives both. It gently tones the stomach and gives digestive power, creates an appetite and invigorates the system. By making the blood rich and pure it strengthens the nerves and gives refreshing sleep.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic. 25c.

Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 4 the price of coffee.

15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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Pumpkin Seed—
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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THE COTTIER CHILD'S LULLABY.

Bright on the hearth are the flame-billows leaping,
Lurid and live do the live embers glow,
While the old iron tea kettle, singing and hopping,
Is weaving a lullaby, soothing and low,
"Whiz-z-zee whizz, oh! hush-a-by, baby,
Whir-r-zee whirr, oh, close your blue eye."
The old iron teakettle, singing and hopping,
Weaving the baby a lullaby.
Close by the cradle the mother is sitting,
Sitting and knitting the hours away,
With her clumsy shoe on the wooden rocker,
While her needles click to the sleepy lay.
Or "Whiz-z-zee whizz," from the old iron kettle,
Whir-r-zee whirr, sweet dreams will I bring,
Beautiful dreams of the fairy children;
Mother will rock and the kettle will sing.
Sleep, oh! sleep. Hear the wind from the Northland
Hungry sweeping the moor. Oh! sleep.
Heaped lies the snow by the doorway and hedges
But red glows the fire. Oh! little one sleep.
The red fire will warm thee, and hark to the kettle,
The old iron kettle that whistles and swings.
"Whiz-z-zee whizz," oh! hush little baby,
Mother will rock while the tea kettle sings.
—Maude Morrison Huey, in Chicago Interior.



PART IV.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"Well, here it is," said Silver, "We want that treasure, and we'll have it—that's our point! You would just as soon save your lives, I reckon; and that's yours. You have a chart, haven't you?"

"That's as may be," replied the captain.

"Oh, well, you have, I know that," returned Long John. "You needn't be so husky with a man; there ain't a particle of service in that, and you may lay to it. What I mean is, we want your chart. Now, I never meant you no harm, myself."

"That won't do with me, my man," interrupted the captain. "We know exactly what you meant to do, and we don't care; for now, you see, you can't do it."

And the captain looked at him calmly, and proceeded to fill his pipe.

"If Abe Gray—" Silver broke out.

"Avant there!" cried Mr. Smollett.

"Gray told me nothing, and I asked him nothing; and what's more, I would see you and him and this whole island blown clean out of the water into blazes first. So there's my mind for you, my man, on that."

This little whiff of temper seemed to cool Silver down. He had been growing nettled before, but now he pulled himself together.

"Like enough," said he, "I would set no limits to what gentlemen might consider ship shape, or might not, as the case were. And, seen' as how you are about to take a pipe, cap'n, I'll make so free as to do likewise."

And he filled a pipe and lighted it, and the two men sat silently smoking for quite awhile, now looking each other in the face, now stopping their tobacco, now leaning forward to spit. It was as good as the play to see them.

"Now," resumed Silver, "here it is. You give us the chart to get the



"Refuse that and you have seen the last of me but musket balls," cried Silver.

treasure by, and drop shooting poor seamen and stoving in their heads while asleep. You do that, and we'll offer you a choice. Either you come along aboard of us, once the treasure shipped, and then I'll give you my affidavit, upon my word of honor, to clap you somewhere's safe ashore. Or, if that ain't your fancy, some of my hands, being rough, and having old scores on account of hazing, then you can stay here, you can. We'll divide stores with you, man for man, and I'll give you my affidavit, as before, to speak the first ship I sight, and send 'em here to pick you up. Now, you'll own that's talking. Handsome, you couldn't look to get, not you. And I hope—" raising his voice—"that all hands in this here blockhouse will overhaul my words, for what is spoke to one is spoke to all."

Capt. Smollett rose from his seat, and knocked out the ashes from his pipe in the palm of his left hand.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Every last word, by thunder!" answered John. "Refuse that, and you've seen the last of me but musket-balls."

"Very well," said the captain. "Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons, and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't, my name is Alexander Smollett, I've flown my sovereign's colors, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones. You can't find the treasure. You can't sail the ship—there's not a man among you fit to sail the ship. You can't fight us—Gray, there, got away from five of you. Your ship's in irons, Master Silver; you're on a lee-shore, and so you'll find

I stand here and tell you so, and they're the last good words you'll get from me; for, in the name of Heaven, I'll put a bullet in your back when next I meet you. Tramp, my lad. Bundle out of this, please, hand over hand, and double quick."

Silver's face was a picture; his eyes started in his head with wrath. He shook the fire out of his pipe.

"Give me a hand up!" he cried.

"Not I," returned the captain.

"Who'll give me a hand up?" he roared.

Not a man among us moved. Growling the foulest imprecations, he crawled along the sand till he got hold of the porch and could hoist himself again upon his crutch. Then he spat into the spring.

"There!" he cried, "that's what I think of ye. Before an hour's out, I'll stave in your old block-house like a run puncheon. Laugh, by thunder, laugh! Before an hour's out, ye'll laugh upon the other side. Them that die'll be the lucky ones."

And with a dreadful oath he stumbled off, plowed down the sand, was helped across the stockade, after four or five failures, by the man with the flag of truce, and disappeared in an instant afterward among the trees.

CHAPTER XXI.
THE ATTACK.

As soon as Silver disappeared, the captain, who had been closely watching him, turned toward the interior of the house, and found not a man of us at his post but Gray. It was the first time he had ever seen him angry.

"Quarters!" he roared. And then, as we all slunk back to our places, "Gray," he said, "I'll put your name in the log; you've stood by your duty like a seaman. Mr. Trelawney, I'm surprised at you, sir. Doctor, I thought you had worn the king's coat! If that was how you served at Fontenoy, sir, you'd have been better in your berth."

The doctor's watch were all back at their loop-holes, the rest were busy loading the spare muskets, and every one with a red face, you may be certain, and a flea in his ear, as the saying is.

The captain looked on for awhile in silence. Then he spoke.

"My lads," he said, "I've given Silver a broadside. I pitched it in red-hot on purpose; and before the hour's out, as he said, we shall be boarded. We're outnumbered, I needn't tell you that, but we fight in shelter; and, a minute ago, I should have said we fought with discipline. I've no manner of doubt that we can drub them, if you choose."

Then he went the rounds, and saw, as he said, that all was clear.

On the two short sides of the house, east and west, there were only two loop-holes; on the south side where the porch was, two again; and on the north side, five. There was a round score of muskets for the seven of us; the firewood had been built into four piles—tables, you might say—one about the middle of each side, and on each of these tables some ammunition and four loaded muskets were laid ready to the hand of the defenders. In the middle, the cutlasses lay ranged.

"Toss out the fire," said the captain; "the chill is past, and we mustn't have smoke in our eyes."

The iron fire basket was carried bodily off by Mr. Trelawney, and the embers smothered among sand.

"Hawkins hasn't had his breakfast, Hawkins, help yourself, and back to your post to eat it," continued Capt. Smollett. "Lively, now, my lad; you'll want it before you're done. Hunter, serve out a round of brandy to all hands."

And while this was going on the captain completed, in his own mind, the plan of the defense.

"Doctor, you will take the door," he resumed. "See and don't expose yourself; keep within, and fire through the porch. Hunter, take the east side, there. Joyce, you stand by the west, my man. Mr. Trelawney, you are the best shot—you and Gray take this long north side, with the five loop-holes; it's there the danger is. If they can get up to it, and fire in upon us through our own ports, things would begin to look dirty. Hawkins, neither you nor I are much account at the shooting; we'll stand by to load and bear a hand."

As the captain had said, the chill was past. As soon as the sun had climbed above our girdle of trees it fell with all its force upon the clearing and drank up the vapors at a draught. Soon the sand was baking, and the resin melting in the logs of the block-house. Jackets and coats were flung aside; shirts were thrown open at the neck and rolled up to the shoulders; and we stood there, each at his post, in a fever of heat and anxiety.

An hour passed away.

"Hang them!" said the captain.

"This is as dull as the doldrums. Gray, whistle for a wind."

And just at that moment came the first news of the attack.

"If you please, sir," said Joyce, "if I see anyone, am I to fire?"

"I told you so!" cried the captain.

"Thank you, sir," returned Joyce, with the same quiet civility.

Nothing followed for a time; but the remark had set us all on the alert, straining ears and eyes—the musketeers with their pieces balanced in their hands, the captain out in the middle of the block-house, with his mouth very tight and a frown on his face.

So some seconds passed, till suddenly Joyce whipped up his musket and fired. The report had scarcely died away ere it was repeated and repeated from without in a scattering volley, shot behind shot, like a string of geese, from every side of the inclosure. Several bullets struck the log house, but not one entered; and, as the smoke cleared away and vanished, the stockade and the woods around it looked as quiet and empty as before. Not a bough waved, not the gleam of a musket barrel betrayed the presence of our

"Did you hit your man?" asked the captain.

"No, sir," replied Joyce. "I believe not, sir."

"Next best thing to tell the truth," muttered Capt. Smollett. "Load his gun, Hawkins. How many should you say there were on your side, doctor?"

"I know precisely," said Dr. Livesey. "Three shots were fired on this side. I saw the three flashes—two close together—one further to the west."

"Three!" repeated the captain. "And how many on yours, Mr. Trelawney?"

But this was not so easily answered. There had come many from the north—seven, by the squire's computation; eight or nine, according to Gray. From the east and west only a single shot had been fired. It was plain, therefore, that the attack would be developed from the north, and that on the other three sides we were only to be annoyed by a shower of hostilities. But Capt. Smollett made no change in his arrangements. If the mutineers succeeded in crossing the stockade, he argued, they would take possession of any unprotected loop hole and shoot us down like rats in our stronghold.

Nor had we much time left to us for thought. Suddenly, with a loud huzza, a little cloud of pirates leaped from the woods on the north side and ran



He roared aloud, and his hanger went up over his head.

straight on the stockade. At the same moment the fire was once more opened from the woods, and a rifle ball sung through the doorway and knocked the doctor's musket into bits.

The boarders swarmed over the fence like monkeys. Squire and Gray fired again and yet again; three men fell, one forward into the inclosure, two back on the outside. But of these, one was evidently more frightened than hurt, for he was on his feet again in a crack, and instantly disappeared among the trees.

Two had bit the dust, one had fled, four had made good their footing inside our defenses; while from the shelter of the woods seven or eight men, each evidently supplied with several muskets, kept up a hot though useless fire on the log house.

The four who had boarded made straight before them for the building, shouting as they ran, and the men among the trees shouted back to encourage them. Several shots were fired, but such was the hurry of the marksmen that not one appeared to have taken effect. In a moment the four pirates had swarmed up the mound and were upon us.

The head of Job Anderson, the boatswain, appeared at the middle loop-hole.

"At 'em—all hands!" he roared, in a voice of thunder.

At the same moment another pirate grasped Hunter's musket by the muzzle, wrenched it from his hands, plucked it through the loop-hole, and with one stunning blow, laid the poor fellow senseless on the floor. Meanwhile a third, running unharmed all round the house, appeared suddenly in the doorway, and fell with his cutlass on the doctor.

Our position was utterly reversed. A moment since we were firing, under cover, at an exposed enemy; now it was we who lay uncovered, and could not return a blow.

The log house was full of smoke, to which we owed our comparative safety. Cries and confusion, the flashes and reports of pistol shots and one loud groan rang in my ears.

"Out, lads, out, and fight 'em in the open! Cutlasses!" cried the captain.

I snatched a cutlass from the pile, and some one at the same time snatching another gave me a cut across the knuckles, which I hardly felt. I dashed out of the door into the clear sunlight. Some one was close behind. I know not who. Right in front, the doctor was pursuing his assailant down the hill, and, just as my eyes fell upon him, beat down his guard and sent him sprawling on his back, with a great slash across his face.

"Round the house, lads! round the house!" cried the captain; and even in the hurly-burly I perceived a change in his voice.

Mechanically I obeyed, turned eastward, and, with my cutlass raised, ran round the corner of the house. Next moment I was face to face with Anderson. He roared aloud, and his hanger went up above his head, flashing in the sunlight. I had not time to be afraid, but, as the blow still hung impending, leaped in a trice upon one side, and, missing my foot in the soft sand, rolled headlong down the slope.

When I had first sallied from the door the other mutineers had been already swarming up the palisade to make an end of us. One man, in a red night-cap, with his cutlass in his mouth, had even got upon the top and thrown a log across. Well, so short had been the interval, that when I found my feet again all was in the same posture, the fellow with the red night-cap still half-way over another still just showing his head above the top of the stock-

ade. And yet, in this breath of time, the fight was over, and the victory ours.

Gray, following close behind me, had cut down the big boatswain ere he had time to recover from his lost blow. Another had been shot at a loophole in the very act of firing into the house, and now lay in agony, the pistol still smoking in his hand. A third, as I had seen, the doctor had disposed of at a blow. Of the four who had scaled the palisade, one only remained unaccounted for, and he, having left his cutlass on the field, was now clambering out again with the fear of death upon him.

"Fire—fire from the house!" cried the doctor. "And you, lads, back into cover."

But his words were unheeded, no shot was fired, and the last boarder made good his escape, and disappeared with the rest into the wood. In three seconds nothing remained of the attacking party but the five who had fallen, four on the inside, and one on the outside, of the palisade.

The doctor and Gray and I ran full speed for shelter. The survivors would soon be back where they had left their muskets, and at any moment the fire might recommence.

The house was by this time somewhat cleared of smoke, and we saw at a glance the price we had paid for victory. Hunter lay beside his loop-hole, stunned; Joyce by his, shot through the head, never to move again; while right in the center, the squire was supporting the captain, one as pale as the other.

"The captain's wounded," said Mr. Trelawney.

"Have they run?" asked Mr. Smollett. "All that could, you may be bound," returned the doctor; "but there's five of them will never run again."

"Five!" cried the captain. "Come, that's better. Five against three leaves us four to nine. That's better odds than we had at starting. We were seven to nineteen then, or thought we were, and that's as bad to bear."

"The mutineers were soon only eight in number, for the man shot by Mr. Trelawney on board the schooner died that same evening of his wound. But this was, of course, not known till after by the faithful party."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ready for Winter.

Teachers in the public schools of a large city hear many stories, some of them amusing, some of them pathetic. A young woman who teaches in a kindergarten in Boston, upon learning that one of her little pupils was sick, went to visit her. The teacher had been to Katie's home before, and so had no difficulty in finding the two little rooms at the top of a tenement house where Katie and her mother lived. The mother was absent, and Katie, well wrapped up, was sitting up in bed. After the usual inquiries and condolences, the teacher noticed that the little girl seemed to speak with some difficulty, and said:

"Katie, I am going to examine your lungs."

"Yes'm," responded the child, dutifully, and Miss C— began to loosen the child's waist. After removing it she found layer after layer of flannel, which she unfastened with some difficulty. Satisfying herself that there was no danger of pneumonia, she began to replace the child's dress, when Katie began to cry.

"My mother'll be awful mad at you when she gets home and finds what you've done."

"Why, Katie, what have I done?"

"You've unfastened all my flannels, and ma had just got me sewed up for the winter!"—Youth's Companion.

An Anecdote by Mark Twain.

Years ago, as I have been told, a widowed descendant of the Audubon family, in desperate need, sold a perfect copy of Audubon's "Birds" to a commercially minded scholar in America for \$100. The book was worth \$1,000 in the market. The scholar complimented himself upon his shrewd stroke of business. That was not Hammond Trumbull's style. After the war a lady in the far south wrote him that among the wreckage of her better days she had a book which some had told her was worth \$100, and had advised her to offer it to him; she added that she was very poor, and that if he would buy it at that price, it would be a great favor to her. It was Eliot's Indian Bible. Trumbull answered that if it was a perfect copy it had an established market value, like a gold coin, and was worth \$1,000; that if she would send it to him he would examine it, and if it proved to be perfect he would sell it to the British museum and forward the money to her. It did prove to be perfect, and she got her \$1,000 without delay, and intact.—Century.

The Tables Turned.

On one occasion when a well-known wit was listening to the band on the pier at Brighton, some medical students who happened to be there thought they would have a joke with him, and accordingly one of their number went up with outstretched hand and said:

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. —! How do you do?"

"I am quite well, thank you," replied he, "but I really have not had the honor of your acquaintance."

"What," said the student, "you don't know me! Why, I met you at the Zoo."

"Young man, accept my apologies; but really I saw so many monkeys there that it is impossible for me to recognize them all again!"—Tit-Bits.

Everybody Satisfied.

"Who's dead?" inquired a man of the sexton who was digging a grave.

"Old Squire Bumblebee."

"What complaint?"

Sexton (without looking up)—No complaint. Everybody's satisfied.—What to Eat.

MANILA IS OURS.

A Hong Kong Dispatch Says the City Has Surrendered.

Ambassador Hay, of London, Sends the News to Washington, Where it Caused the Greatest Delight—Dewey Caps the Climax to His Victory.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—"Hongkong advises say Manila has surrendered." This dispatch was received at Sunday midnight from Ambassador Hay, at London.

That was the whole story, but it is taken for granted at the navy department that Ambassador Hay received his news from official sources in London, and that it is correct. The news was at once carried over to the white house, and caused intense delight. Direct news from Adm. Dewey had been expected Sunday night, as it was known he sent a dispatch boat to Hong Kong, and it was presumed that by this time Dewey and Aguinaldo between them must have forced the city to surrender.

No one here doubts the news, briefness of the dispatch from Ambassador Hay being taken as an evidence of its reliability, and the navy department was congratulating itself Sunday night in the belief that Dewey has capped the climax of his great victory by hauling down the Spanish flag and running up the stars and stripes without waiting for the slow-moving army, just as Sampson landed at Guantanamo while the army was fleeing from ghost ships at Tampa.



COL. JONES ALLEN.
(Censor of Press Dispatches at Key West, Fla.)

BATTLE FOUGHT.

An Engagement Between Gen. Aguinaldo and the Spanish Forces for the Possession of Manila Saturday.

NEW YORK, June 13.—A special cable dispatch from Hong Kong says that a battle for the possession of Manila was in progress Saturday between the Spanish forces and those of Aguinaldo. Adm. Dewey has promised to prevent a massacre should the insurgents capture the city.

The Spanish governor has been notified that unless he withdraws the price put upon the head of the insurgent leader Aguinaldo, he will get no quarter. Otherwise the rules of civilized warfare will be strictly adhered to. As a result of this price being placed on his head, three attempts have been made to take Aguinaldo's life.

SIERRA LEONE.

One Thousand Persons Reported Killed in the Recent Uprising in That District—Missionaries Murdered.

LIVERPOOL, June 13.—Steamers which have arrived here from Sierra Leone report that a thousand persons were killed in the recent uprising in that district. One hundred and twenty inhabitants of Freetown, most of them traders, are known to have been massacred, and other colonists were carried into the bush by the "war boys" and undoubtedly met a worse fate. Three hundred friendly natives were killed, and beside the white missionaries, six colored missionaries of the United Brethren of Christ were murdered at Manohargu. The English missionaries are at the mercy of the war boys, but have not been molested.

Notice to Adm. Cervera.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The navy department has sent orders to Adm. Sampson to notify Adm. Cervera that if the latter shall destroy his four armored cruisers and two torpedo-boat destroyers, to prevent their falling into our hands, Spain at the end of the war will be made to pay an additional indemnity at least equivalent to the value of those vessels. It has been realized all along that the Spanish admiral, rather than permit his fine squadron to be added to the United States navy, might, at the last moment, when he saw that further resistance was useless, prefer to blow them up, perhaps going so far as to carry himself and his men along with them.

Lovers' Quarrel Ends in Murder.

CINCINNATI, June 13.—Annie Thomas, 24, colored, was shot at five times, at three and fatally wounded by her lover, Harvey Jones, 10, a porter at Silverslade's saloon, on Longworth street, at 11:30 Saturday morning. The woman's home was at Hillsboro, O., but she was living on the fourth floor on Plum near Longworth, and boarded at 309 Longworth. She and Jones had been quarreling for several weeks, and a few days ago he notified her that he would kill her. The woman's wounds will prove fatal.

POWERFUL FLEET.

Sixteen Vessels of Various Classes, Headed by the Indiana, Will See Soldiers Safely Land.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—Another formidable American fleet has been assembled, consisting of 16 warships of various classes, headed by the big battle ship Indiana, which for all round effectiveness stands at the head of the navy. This fleet is assembled at Port Tampa and is to serve as a convoy for the troop transports from that point. The formation of this formidable convoy fleet is due to the reports, more or less indefinite, that Spanish ships were lurking between Florida and Cuba with a view of intercepting the troop transports. The navy department has not given serious credit to these reports, yet they were more or less circumstantial. In order to avoid the slightest possibility of a dash by some Spanish ships against the troop transports, this new fleet of 16 war ships was determined upon. Whether it was ordered from Washington or was due to the precautionary measures of the officials in command in the south is not disclosed. It is known only that Commodore Remy, commander of the naval base at Key West, has brought together this powerful fleet of convoys. It is strong enough both in numbers of ships, of individual ships and armament, to cope with any Spanish warship that might be at large in the West Indies, and it entirely eliminates any possible danger that might attend the transporting of the army of invasion to Cuba. Capt. Taylor, who commands the Indiana, is available as commander of this squadron, although it is not disclosed definitely who will be its chief. Commodore Watson is with the blockading fleet off Havana and can not well be spared from that position, which will be maintained efficiently notwithstanding the drafts made to create this large convoy squadron. Capt. Taylor is regarded as one of the most judicious and capable officers in the service, and should the squadron command fall on him, it is felt that it will be in good hands. The Indiana will probably be the flag ship of the convoy squadron. There probably will be battle ships, but it is not deemed advisable, for prudential reasons, to give the full list of the ships in exact detail. The Indiana is considered one of the most formidable ships afloat, being regarded by naval experts as superior as a fighting machine to the ships of the Terrible class in the British navy. She has a displacement of 10,285 tons and has a main battery of 16 large guns besides many smaller rapid fire and machine guns in her secondary battery.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—At last accounts the fleet of transports containing the army of invasion for Santiago was collected just outside of Tampa waiting for a proper escort. The stories of the phantom Spanish fleet, which no subordinate officers believe at all, seem to have had weight with the president and his confidential advisers, with the result that it was determined that the transports should not even make the little journey from Tampa to Key West without abundant protection.

SECOND EXPEDITION.

A Force of About Six Thousand Men Will Leave San Francisco for the Philippine Islands on Saturday.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—Assistant Secretary of War Meiklejohn said Friday night it was probable the first part of the next expedition to the Philippines would leave San Francisco for Manila Saturday. The transports which will convey the troops to Manila are the Ohio, Indiana, Colon, Morgan City, China and Para. The expedition will consist of about 6,000 men, and with it will be taken a large quantity of ammunition and supplies. The first part of the expedition, which is expected to leave Saturday, will be followed early next week by the remainder, so that by the Fourth of July the entire expedition may be either landed or in readiness to land near Manila.

WAR REVENUE BILL.

A Conference Report on the Measure Agreed to in the Senate by a Vote of 43 to 23.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—Shortly after 4 o'clock Friday afternoon the conference report on the war measure bill was agreed to by a vote of 43 to 23 in the senate, after a discussion lasting four hours. The debate upon the measure was without special incident and was entirely devoid of acrimonious features. As soon as the bill can be signed by the presiding officers of congress it will be sent to the president for his signature.

No Additional War News.

PORT AU PRINCE, June 11.—No further news has been received from the scene of hostilities.

ST. THOMAS, W. I., June 11.—No additional war news was received Friday evening.

The Strike Ended.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., June 11.—The Singer sewing machine strike ended Friday by the men agreeing to go to work Monday and give Manager Pine an opportunity to go east and lay the matter before the company.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published every Tuesday and Friday by

WALTER CHAMP, } Editors and Owners.
BRUCE MILLER, }

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Late News of the War.

Members of Congress state that it is almost sure that the American flag will float over Hawaii.

Gen. Shafter's army of 15,000 men left Key West yesterday morning at daybreak to invade Cuba. The transports are guarded by a strong fleet of warships.

The rumor published yesterday that Manila had fallen is denied by the Washington authorities.

Hawaii will be annexed.

The present week is expected to see pages of American history made.

The war revenue bill was signed in the House and Senate and by the President.

Preparations are being made to send an army of invasion to Porto Rico.

The cruiser San Francisco is aground off the Massachusetts coast.

A cable from Santiago says that Hobson and his men are all well.

Reinforcements are expected to reach Dewey this week.

On page two appears a lengthy account of the battle of Gubatnamo, besides an official communication from Admiral Sampson. Also two columns of war news on page three.

The war has caused most of the papers to give the public a much needed rest on paragraphs about the greatest of all bugaboos, Mark Hanna.

The man who asks if this is hot enough for you ought to be forced into service on a torpedo boat.

SEND your linen to Haggard & Reed's Steam Laundry for a good finish. (tf)

SALESMAN wanted by large factory supplying free outfit and paying several \$40 weekly. Brattice, 243 Pearl, New York. (1t)

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, 'DR.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

From Camp Thomas.

Camp Thomas.

Chickamauga, Ga.

June 12th

In all of the Y. M. C. A. and Armistice prayers were offered Friday for rain, to give a supply of drinking water and to wash away that plague of dust, and to-day religious services had to be shortened to account the downpour of the welcome rain. The heavy rain washed away the dust and so loosened the ground that the tent pins fell and many tents collapsed.

The First Kentucky arrived yesterday morning and is now at home at Chickamauga for a while. Col. Castleman has stated that no "canteen" will be allowed on the First Kentucky, and has issued orders that any of his men caught visiting neighboring canteens will be severely dealt with.

Chaplain Wayts, of the Second Kentucky, held divine services this morning and nearly every soldier in the regiment heard a good sermon. Afterwards Lieutenant Colonel Whipple, gave all who cared to leave the camp a leave of absence until 5:30, and all who had the price went to Chattanooga or visited Lookout Mountain. The Frankfort boys had a feast this morning on a large quantity of good things sent them from home.

Friday was the hottest day in the history of Camp Thomas. The thermometer was 103 in the shade, and many men were overcome by heat in the drill. The Kentucky boys are becoming accustomed to the heat, and stand it very well. They are working hard most of the day and the Second gets due praise from all of the inspecting officers. The boys have received their uniforms, leggings, campaign hats, etc., and expect to receive their guns this week.

Chas. Hill, a Paris boy who has just returned from Klondike, was a welcome visitor to Company I, last week. If Hill had found as much dust at Klondike as he found at Chickamauga he would have needed the Second Kentucky to protect him when he started home from Alaska.

Quite a friendship has sprung up between the Second Kentucky and the Ninth New York. The other night when Ed Hill, of Paris, complied with a request to sing a couple of songs for the officers of the Second, members of the Ninth gave him a splendid ovation, as did the Kentuckians. Hill has a fine clerkship and Gen. Compton, but he has quarters with Company I.

Every regiment at Chickamauga has been vaccinated except the First Kentucky which arrived yesterday. Work on it will probably be commenced tomorrow.

Tom Collier, of the Cythiana company, who is well known in Paris, has been promoted from private to Corporal.

Major-General Fred Grant and Brigadier General T. S. Bills will accompany Col. Gaither on a short visit to the latter's home in old Kentucky this week. Major Grant thinks so well of the Second Kentucky that he has asked to have it added to his command. Major Grant is a son of Gen. U. S. Grant and was Minister to Germany under President Harrison.

The two troops of Kentucky Cavalry have been assigned to the First Ohio Cavalry, under Colonel Wood, and in the brigade with the First Illinois and the Black Hills boys, Colonel Grigsby commanding the brigade.

It is estimated that the mobilization of the Kentucky troops at Lexington, was worth \$100,000 to Lexington. The sum of \$13,575.67 alone was spent for provisions. Of this sum Jonas Weil got \$2,727.87 for furnishing beef and bacon. Luther McMillan got \$1,900 for a bread contract. The Belt road hauled 100,000 more people during the five weeks of the encampment than during a similar period last year.

The Best War News.

The Louisville Courier-Journal is now publishing the fullest, most accurate and most reliable war news of any paper in the South or West. It is devoting all its energies to making a reputation for its war reports, and is certainly succeeding admirably. The Courier-Journal has subordinated all other issues to that of the war. Politics, money, civil service, the tariff—all are out of it now. The war is the one topic discussed by the people, and they want the news of it fresh and accurate. The Courier-Journal realizes this, and it is supplying the demand as no other paper can do. The Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal prints the cream of the daily news. It is issued Wednesday and Saturday. The price has recently been cut from \$1 to 50 cents a year, making unquestionably the cheapest, as well as the best, paper published anywhere. You get 104 six or eight-page papers for 50 cents. By a special arrangement, the Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal and THE BOURBON NEWS will be sent one year for only \$2.15, a slight advance over the price of this paper alone. Subscriptions under this offer must be cash, and must invariably be sent direct to THE BOURBON NEWS office, Paris, Ky. (tf)

NUPTIAL KNOTS

Engagements, Announcements And Solennizations Of The Marriage Vows.

The marriage of Mr. Ralph Lancaster Boldrick, of this city, to Miss Mattie McIlvay, of Springfield, will occur today at Springfield.

The Leader says: "Mr. Blythe Anderson, of Gengarry, has gone to North Carolina where he is soon to be married to a very charming young girl, Miss Alice Simms, a niece of Col. Simms, of Paris.

The very best companies compose my agency, which insures against fire, wind and storm. Non-union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers Of Stock, Crop, Etc. Turf Notes.

Poor & Embury, of Jessamine, sold 500 export cattle to Eastern parties at about five cents.

Simms & Anderson's colt Tom Collins won the Riverside Selling Stakes, Saturday at the Harlem track. The added money was \$750.

Brent Bros. have bought 50,000 pounds of hemp from Col. E. F. Clay at \$4, and 5,000 pounds from J. A. Dudley at the same price.

Mike Davis, of this county, sold four hogsheads of tobacco in Cincinnati last week at \$17.75 to \$12.50. G. W. Bramlette, of Nicholas, sold 24 hhds at \$16.75 to \$10, and eight at \$16 to \$10.75.

Always ask for Paris Milling Co.'s Purity flour. All grocers keep it. Insist on having Purity every time.

PRETTIEST shoes the most exacting woman can conceive—in black and brown leathers—at Davis, Thompson & Isgrig's. (tf)

Our line of men's tan shoes embraces the newest novelties for Springs, from the best manufacturers.

DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG.

Insure in my agency—non-union. Prompt-paying reliable companies—insures against fire, wind and storm.

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Tested and Tried For 25 Years

Would you feel perfectly safe to put all your money in a new bank? One you have just heard of? But how about an old bank? One that has done business for over a quarter of a century? One that has always kept its promises? One that never failed; never misled you in any way? You could trust such a bank, couldn't you?

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of COD-LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES is just like such a bank. It has never disappointed you, never will. It has never deceived you, never will. Look out that someone does not try to make you invest your health in a new tonic, some new medicine you know nothing of.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

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Noted White Sulphur and Chalybeate Waters. The prettiest place, and best kept Summer Resort in the West. For particulars apply to

CAPT. J. M. THOMAS, Proprietor
L. VINE, KY.

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

L. & N. R. R.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:

From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:10 p. m.
From Lexington—5:11 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:33 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.
From Richmond—5:05 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 3:28 p. m.
From Maysville—7:42 a. m.; 3:25 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—5:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 3:40 p. m.
To Lexington—7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m.
To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.; 10:16 p. m.
To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.

F. & C. R. R.

To Frankfort—9:30 a. m.; 5:30 p. m.
From Frankfort—8:40 a. m.; 5:10 p. m.
W. H. Cox, Agent.

OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory Of The Dead.

David G. Miller, the Second Street grocer, died Sunday after a brief illness of paralysis. He is survived by a son and daughter both married. The funeral was held yesterday afternoon at the Christian Church by Eld. J. S. Sweeney, and the remains were interred in the Paris cemetery.

SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

Mt. Sterling has a Dewey Wheel Club. Sam Major, of Frankfort, a cadet at Annapolis, has been ordered to the U. S. flagship New York.

Burglars stole a fine gold watch and chain and \$10 in cash from the home of Dave Prewitt, in Clark, the other night. Geo. Brown's warehouse, containing 300,000 pounds of hemp, burned at Nicholasville, because of the carelessness of a cigarette smoker.

The infant son of Lient Chas. Clay was terribly bitten and scratched by a pet monkey at Frankfort last week. The monkey became enraged at something and jumped into the baby's carriage.

Use Paris Milling Co.'s Purity flour—for sale by all grocers. Ask for it. Take no other.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Foyer.

LIFE.

A lot of work, a little fun;
A little love, a lot of care;
A lot of wants, a little done,
And then a little mound somewhere.
—[Maysville Ledger.]

Work on Maysville's new opera house has been commenced.

E. S. Willard and Ada Rehan sailed for Europe last week.

Charles Hoyt is going to try "A Stranger in New York" on the Londoners.

Viola Allen will make her stellar debut at the Lyric Theatre in New York on October 3 as Glory in Hall Caine's "The Christian."

Important Change on The Frankfort & Cincinnati—Two New Trains.

No. 2 train will leave at 9:30 a. m., and arrive at Frankfort at 11:20 a. m.

No. 8 leaves at 4:30 p. m., and arrives at Frankfort at 8:10 p. m.

No. 2 leaving Frankfort at 7 a. m., arrives at 8:40.

No. 5 leaves Frankfort at 1:15 p. m., and arrives at 4 p. m.

No. 8 leaving at 4:30 will connect with the Q. & C. fast limited at Georgetown, arriving in Cincinnati at 7:25 p. m. This is a very desirable arrangement for persons going to Cincinnati or points north, east and west of that city.

No. 1 will connect with the Q. & C. fast train south and No. 5 connects at Georgetown with the Q. & C. local passenger from the south.

L. & N. Special Rates.

Rond-trip to Asheville, N. C., one fare on June 15th to 17th, limited June 30th. Account Southern Students Conference.

Rond-trip to Paducah, Ky. One fare June 13th and 14th limited to 18th. Account Kentucky State Sunday School Union.

Rond-trip to Lexington one fare on June 19th, 20th and 21st, limited to June 23d. Account State Meeting League American Wheelmen. Bicycles will be carried free to this meeting.

Rond-trip \$2.05 to Olympia Springs and return during Summer season.

Rond-trip to Denver, Col., one fare plus \$2.00. On sale June 15th, 16th and 17th, limited to July 17th. Account Biennial Meeting General Federation Woman's Clubs.

Parties contemplating a summer tour can get valuable information, timetable, hotel guides and Summer resort booklets by calling on or addressing,

F. B. CARR, Gen'l Agent,
Paris, Ky.

A Good Memory

often saves money and also good health. If you are troubled with constipation, indigestion or any form of stomach trouble remember to take home a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and health will be restored to you. Trial sizes 10c (10 doses 10c) large size 50c and \$1.00, of W. T. Brooks, druggist, Paris, Ky. (Jan.-m)

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches, 25c at druggists.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN
CURES INDIGESTION.

L. Q. NELSON, DENTIST.

Pleasant St., opp. First Presbyterian Church.
(Dr. Buck's old office.)
Office on first floor.

Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m.

McCORMICK BINDERS,

McCormick Mowers,

Binder Twine,

FLEMING HAY RAKES,

Steel Tooth Rakes

and

CLOVER BUNCHERS,

at

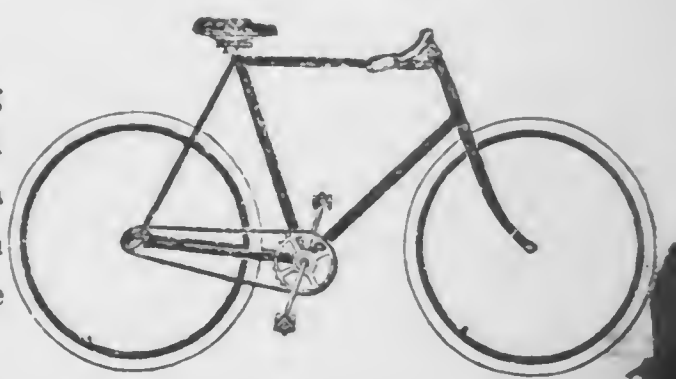
R. J. NEELY'S

PARIS, KY.

PHOENIX BICYCLES

Pretty Bicycles

are all right if you want something pretty to look at, but there is a world of satisfaction in knowing you have a wheel that will stand the racket on all roads—under all conditions. The Phoenix will do it.



DAUGHERTY BROS.,

— DEALERS IN —

Bicycles, Sundries, etc., Bicycle Repairing, Vulcanizing, etc.

My aim is to give you the very best furniture at the very lowest prices consistent with good reliable goods.



Years of experience in buying and the fact that I pay cash for all goods insures good results.

Another important fact not to be overlooked: I am not paying a big rent and this feature is very much to the advantage of the furniture buyers of Bourbon and surrounding counties.

Big wordy advertisements and quoting prices on nothing in particular but everything in general are intended only to fool the buyers and "pull them in." To come to the point: If you want the best furniture for the least money go to

Close Prices on Mattings This Week.

J. T. HINTON

Elegant line of Pictures and Room Mouldings. Send me your old furniture to be repaired. Your furniture moved by experienced hands.

Wood Mantels furnished complete. Undertaking in all its branches.

Embalming scientifically attended to. CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

One year, \$2.00; Six months, \$1.00; [Payable in Advance.]

NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAM & MILLER.

Deering binder twine, machine oil and all repairs for the Deering machinery at

R. B. HUTCHCRAFT'S.

A FEW refrigerators left at J. T. Hinton's. Call at once.

PROF. HARDIN LUCAS will have charge of the Owenton High School next term.

THE Sunday School of the Christian Church will be given a picnic on June 24th.

J. S. WILSON has leased the Simms warehouse on Bank Row to store blue-grass seed.

REV. LUTHER MANN, of Morehead, filled the pulpit of his brother, Rev. E. G. B. Mann, Sunday night.

ELD. C. A. THOMAS, of Newtown, will leave Monday for a three-months trip to his old home in Australia.

FRENCH WASHINGTON was fined \$2 and costs in Judge Purnell's court for keeping his grocery open on Sunday.

THE annual picnic of the Sunday School of the Baptist Church will be held Thursday in the Woodland of John B. Kennedy, on the Georgetown pike.

A NEW, fresh line of lawn chairs and benches just received at J. T. Hinton's. The first hot night you enjoy one will easily repay you for your outlay. (tf)

THE L. & N. will sell round-trip tickets from Paris to Cincinnati Sunday at \$1.25. Tickets good going on train leaving Paris at 5:15 a. m., and returning on train leaving Cincinnati at 7:55 p. m.

THE home of Mrs. John Rodman, of Frankfort, who visited in this city recently, was damaged by fire to the extent of \$300 several days ago. The blaze caught in a trunk of old papers in the attic.

CONDUCTOR FRANK MATLACK, a former conductor on the Kentucky Central, now of the Cincinnati Southern, was stricken with paralysis Friday at Somerset, while going to the depot to take his train to Cincinnati.

A MEETING of representatives from Mt. Sterling, Frankfort, Nicholasville, Paris and Lexington will be held at Lexington Thursday to form a Blue Grass Baseball League. Most of the clubs will engage Cincinnati players.

The third and fourth grades of Mrs. Camilla Wilson's music pupils will give a recital at her residence on Ninth and High streets to-morrow night at eight o'clock. The pupils of the first and second grade will give a recital Thursday night.

THE FAMOUS PALMIST is reading the hands of many famous Paris people. Crowds visit him as usual. All are delighted and astonished with his skill in revealing life's secrets. The professor remains here another week. Parlors corner of Eleventh and Main Sts. (1t)

A cavalry horse purchasing board has been established at Lexington, upon the recommendation of Gov. Bradley. Last week 475 horse and mules were shipped from Kentucky to Chickamauga. The price paid for these animals was at least \$50,000. Lieut. Blount will buy 200 horses at Louisville this week and then go to Danville.

AUCTIONEER A. T. FORSYTH sold Saturday for Master Commissioner E. M. Dickson the ware-room and planing mill machinery belonging to the assigned estate of T. H. Tarr, to the Power Grocery Company, of this city, for \$3,710. The ware-room will be used by the Power Grocery Company for the storage of heavy goods. The planing mill machinery is for sale privately.

Too many carpets on hand. Come and get one cheap.

(tf) J. T. HINTON.

HAVE you seen those new toilet sets at J. T. Hinton's? Prices the lowest; patterns the newest.

(tf)

By the Deering Steel Binder, with Roller and ball bearings, if you want a perfect and durable harvesting machine—

R. B. HUTCHCRAFT,
Agent.

My agency insures against fire, wind and storm—best old reliable, prompt paying companies—on union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Circuit Court News.

THE June term of the Bourbon Circuit Court began yesterday morning with Judge James E. Cantrill and Commonwealth's Attorney Robt. Franklin at their posts of duty. The reports of Master Commissioner E. M. Dickson, Circuit Clerk, Chas. E. Butler, and County Clerk E. D. Paton were heard and filed.

The following gentlemen compose the GRAND JURY:

W. A. Parker, Sr., Samuel James, J. S. Reffert, Leslie Wheeler, W. L. Collins, Geo. R. Bell, Forrest Letton, John L. Soper, Gano Hildreth, Henry Bratton, John W. Mitchell, W. H. Ingels.

W. A. Parker, Sr., is foreman of the grand jury.

The following cases have been assigned for trial to-day:

Commonwealth vs Lewis Hays, etc., grand larceny.

Same vs. John Jackson, malicious shooting, wounding, etc.

Same vs. Henry Berry, grand larceny.

Same vs. Brice Howard and Sam Harris, larceny.

Same vs. same, horse stealing.

Same vs. Emmett Kirk and Lon Anderson, malicious shooting, wounding, etc.

Same vs. Ike Curtis, murder.

Same vs. Johnson Lamb, rape.

Same vs. Ben Brooks, malicious shooting, wounding, etc.

Large Confirmation Class.

Rt. Rev. Bishop C. P. Mayes, of Covington, assisted by Rev. Father E. A. Burke, of this city, and Rev. Father Joachim, of Cincinnati, confirmed the following large class at the Catholic Church, in this city, Sunday morning: Misses Annie Sageser, Mary Kelly, W. ifred Doyle, Mary E. Connelly, Maggie Gorey, Annie Gorey, Flora Fugazzi, Irene Fugazzi, Mary Rassenfoss, Nellie Fee, Nora McDermott, Annie Moran, Doyle, Mary G. Maloney, Annie Jordan, Gertrude Shea, Maggie Hanley, Loretta Ramp, Annie Thornton, Lizzie Burns, Annie Burns, Maggie Fitzgerald, Mary Fitzgerald, Lizzie O'Connell, Mary Shay, Messrs. William Connell, Edward Connell, Frank Groshe, Murray Higgins, John Lavin, Fred Tamme, Walter Dempsey, Louis Tamme, James Glenn, James Coons, Henry Schwartz, James Higgins, Frank Discoll, James Murphy. The music furnished by the quartet—Dr. Frank Fithian, Judge H. C. Howard, Mrs. Fannibelle Sutherland and Miss Julia O'Brien—was very fine, and was highly praised by the Bishop.

Estill Springs.

The well known Estill Springs will be open to guests next to-morrow. Senator J. M. Thomas, proprietor and owner, says he expects more guests during the present season than in many years, and he has made every arrangement to entertain them in the best possible style. The buildings and grounds have each year been improved and made more attractive. Among other attractions will be a splendid band of music, good livery, fishing, boating and dancing. Besides, the guests will have the benefit of the mineral springs, the red, white and black sulphur springs.

It is worth your while to call and inspect the new line of rugs just opened by J. T. Hinton. (tf)

School News.

PROF. BYRON KING, of Pittsburg, Pa., will conduct the Institute for white teachers the first week of August. He is President of the largest school of expression in the United States. A large class outside of the members of the Institute is expected to avail themselves of this opportunity to learn the mode of cultivating the voice for good reading and elocution, as well as teaching. All who will join the class will please give their names to County Superintendent Edgar.

M. E. Conference at White Oak.

REV. E. G. B. MANN, of the Methodist Church, will be absent this week attending District Conference at White Oak, Harrison County, and there will be no prayer meeting Wednesday evening at the church.

Misses Sue Ford, Blanche Lilleston, Eddie Shrote, Mary Russell January and Lula Smith, and Messrs. Gray Smith, J. T. Pryor, and Fletcher Mann, will go to the same conference as delegates from the Paris Church. The meeting holds four days.

Accidentally Shot.

Abe Jones, colored, was accidentally shot in the head Sunday morning by Joe Robinson, at the yard of Brent Bros.' seed warehouse, near the L. & N. passenger depot, Robinson, who was riding horseback, was carrying a .30-calibre rifle which had a defective hammer, when the gun was accidentally discharged. The bullet penetrated the negro's skull, but the wound is not thought to be dangerous.

J. T. HINTON is closing out his baby carriages. Now is your chance. (tf)

Now is the time of year you will think of taking a trip, and, if in need of a trunk, valise or telescope, call at P. & Co.'s, the reliable clothing store, and make a good selection at the right price.

PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And Elsewhere.

—Mr. Frank Walker is able to be out again.

—James Hukill, of Lexington, was in the city Sunday.

—Mr. J. M. Hall was in Lexington yesterday on business.

Maysville will have a Dewey celebration on the 4th of July.

—Miss Fannie Mann has returned from a visit in Winchester.

—Miss Alice Snell, of Fayette, is the guest of Miss Etta Quisenberry.

—Miss Eddie Spears is the guest of Miss Daisy Long, in Georgetown.

—Mr. W. J. Browner, ex Parisian, of Cincinnati, was in the city Sunday.

—Miss Cornelia Stone, of Versailles, is the guest of Miss Mary Bashford.

—Miss Sue Clay, who has been attending college at Baltimore, has arrived home.

—Miss Kate Alexander has returned from a short visit to friends in Georgetown.

—Miss Louise Bashford is visiting the family of Mr. John Power, near Maysville.

—Misses Josie and Katie Bird, of Woodford, are guests of Mrs. Newton Mitchell.

—Miss Mattie Bosley, of Lincoln, is the guest of her brother, Postmaster J. L. Bosley.

—Mrs. Martha Brent and Mrs. Nicolie Brent are visiting relatives in Covington.

—Misses Elizabeth Spears and Bessie Woodford have returned from a visit in Frankfort.

—Miss Kate Russell, who has been attending college in Cincinnati, has returned home.

—Miss Hattie Maddox, of Louisville, is the guest of Miss Lucy Keller, on Mt. Airy Avenue.

—Mrs. Warren Ingels and daughter, Miss Margaret, are here from Lexington on a visit.

—Miss Leila Johnson was the guest of friends in Millersburg from Saturday until yesterday.

—Mr. James Kennedy, formerly of Paris, now of Mt. Sterling, was in the city yesterday.

—Mr. Michael Connell arrived yesterday from Texas to visit his brother, Nicholas Connell.

—Miss Josephine Pozzonio, of St. Louis, is the guest of Miss Ida Thomas, on Scott avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Williams, of Falmouth, were guests at Mr. B. S. Letton's, last week.

—Misses Mary Sweeney and Mary Stoll, of Lexington, are guests of Miss Mildred McMillan.

—Miss Mattie Lilleston has returned home from Hustonville, where she has been teaching music.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McChesney and daughter, Lucie Belle, are visiting relatives in Mercer county.

—Miss Lida Rogers, of Maysville, is expected to arrive this week to be the guest of Miss Louise Parrish.

—Miss Norma Snell was a visitor in Paris Saturday while en route home to Cynthia from Georgetown.

—Miss Ora Slaughter, who has been attending school in this city, returned Saturday to her home in Eminence.

—Miss Anna Swift Pendleton, of Winchester, will arrive this week to be the guest of Misses Fannie and Nellie Mann.

—J. Louis Earlywine, stenographer to Gov. Bradley, came over Saturday from Frankfort to spend Sunday with relatives.

—Miss Lizzie Campbell, who is a nurse at the Soldiers' Home, at Dayton, O., returned yesterday after a visit to her mother.

—Miss Allie Hart, who has been teaching at the Kentucky Classical and Business College, has returned to her home in this city.

—Misses Kate Russell and Nellie Mann will visit friends in Mt. Sterling next week, and attend the Sterling Club's ball on the 22d.

—Mrs. C. C. Kemper and three children, of Meridian, Miss., arrived Saturday to spend the Summer in Paris. Mrs. Kemper was formerly Miss Kate Smith.

—Mrs. John Lanagan, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Ellen O'Brien, will leave Thursday for her home in Denver, Colorado. She will be accompanied by her sister, Miss Julia O'Brien, who will spend the Summer in Denver.

—The Suffolk Club's initial ball, to be given Friday evening at Odd Fellow's Hall, is expected to be an elegant event. Saxton's orchestra will furnish the music, and a large crowd is expected to be present. No one except those holding tickets will be admitted.

—Misses Mary Irvine Davis, of this city, and Mary and Fannie Carrick, of Scott, will leave this morning for a visit in Eastern cities. Miss Davis will spend most of her time in New York, with Mrs. Phoebe Brown and the

Misses Carrick will visit in Washington.

—Miss Anne Sawyer, of Owensboro, is the guest of Miss Tillis Brent.

—Orderly Sergeant Charlton Alexander, of the staff of Col. Gaither, Second Kentucky, was here Sunday from Chickamauga, on a short visit to his home. He has been detailed to come to Kentucky with Adj. Power to recruit volunteers, and has his headquarters at Lexington. Mr. Alexander has been made Regimental Color Sergeant of the Second Kentucky.

—Miss Emma Miller entertained a few friends at a delightful informal enche Friday evening at her home on Duncan avenue. The players were Misses Nannie Clay, Emma Scott, Annie Louise Clay, Louise Parrish, Etta McClintock, Mamie McClintock, Laura Trundle, Margaret Butler, Dr. M. H. Daily, Messrs. John Brennan, Robt. Parke, Jas. Ingels, J. W. Bacon, Albert Hinton, Ford Brent, Walter Champ.

READ J. T. Hinton's display advertisement. It is money in your pocket. See page four. (tf)

WANTED.—To rent, House of 4 rooms. Central location preferred.

GEO. M. HILL.

Death of Leonatus.

THE famous thoroughbred stallion Leonatus, of Clay & Woodford and Woodford Bros., died Thursday morning at the farm of Woodford Bros., from a severe attack of colic. He was a bay horse foaled in 1880, and was bred by J. Henry Miller, Lexington, Ky. He was a son of Longfellow, out of Semper Felix, by imp. Phaeton, granddam Crucifix, by Lexington, she out of Lightsome, by Imp. Glencoe. Leonatus was a grand race horse. As a two-year-old he started but once, ran second to Cardinal McCloskey in Maiden Stakes at Louisville, three-quarters in 1:22, track very bad. As a three-year-old he won all of his ten starts, defeating all the best three-year-olds of his year. His victories included Kentucky Derby, Blue Ribbon Stakes, Tobacco Stakes, Woodburn Stakes, Hindoo Stakes, Apple Stakes, Dearborn Stakes, Green Stakes and Illinois Derby. Leonatus was a fairly successful sire and got a great many useful horses, the most notable of which were Tillo, Leonawell, Luke Bronze, Oore, Ed Leonard, Ja-Ja, Etruria, Free Advice, Libertine, Leo Luke, Berclair, Pink Coat, Rinaldo, Personne, Incitatus, Evanatus and Leo Planter.

Immediately after being beaten a nose in his first race Leonatus was sold to Jack Chinn for \$5,000, who afterwards refused \$40,000 for the colt. His late owners bought him for \$5,300 at Sheriff's sale, and valued him at about \$12,000.

New line of lace curtains at J. T. Hinton's. (tf)

VAN HOOK WHISKEY, 50 cents per quart.

McDERMOTT & SPEARS.

BIRTHS.

The Advent Of Our Future Men And Women.

To the wife of John L. James, in this city, on Sunday, a nine-pound son.

In this city yesterday afternoon to the wife of Claud Redmon, liveryman, a son.

Raceland Jersey butter for sale by Newton Mitchell.

SEED sweet potatoes.

McDERMOTT & SPEARS.

FASHIONABLE Spring shoes, superior in every respect, and prices at the lowest point, at

DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG

TRY our special "A" coffee, six pounds for \$1.00.

McDERMOTT & SPEARS.

You know it is very warm, and if you are in need of thin clothing and light weight underwear, call at Price & Co.'s the reliable clothiers, and get your choice at the right price. Balbriggan underwear, 50 cents a suit and upwards.

SCHOOL NOTICE.

The next session of my school will begin the first Monday in September.

W. L. YERKES.

MUSIC CLASS

MRS. ALBERT MITCHELL

—AND—
MISS NELLY RUCKNER

wish to announce that they will open a Music Class for Piano, on Monday, September 5th.

TERMS:

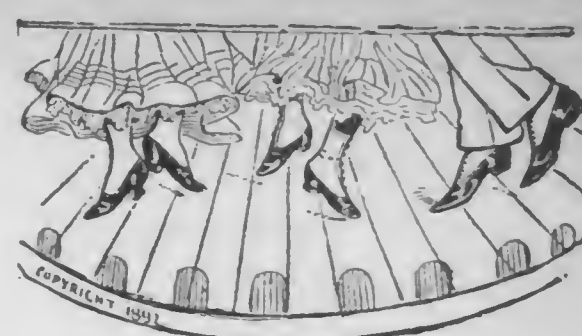
Term of 20 lessons (private).....\$12.50
Term of 20 lessons (class)..... 6.25
Payable in advance.

Studio within a square of City School. For information address (either of above) at Paris, Ky.

(till-1sep)

THE LATEST

IN SHOES.



Are you on the lookout for something exceedingly handsome and serviceable in shoe-leather? If you are we can please you on any of the family, great or small: All the latest colors, patterns and shapes, from the leading manufacturers. Our low prices are an especially attractive feature.

Davis, Thomson & Isgrig.

FOR QUICK SALES

We will place on sale:
60 doz. Ladies Cotton Ribbed Vests, low neck, no sleeves, Silk Taped—a regular 25c Vest. You can have them as long as they last, 2 for 25 cts.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

At special low prices:
Gowns, from 50c to \$1.65.
Skirts, from 50c to 2.25.
Drawers, from 25c to 1.50.
Chemises, from 25c to 1.00.
Corset covers, from 20c to 75c.

All garments made on lock-stitch machines, made of best muslins and extra full.

GENTS TAKE NOTICE

40 doz. Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, all sizes, at 50c suit (shirt and drawers). Clothing and Furnishing stores will ask you \$1.00 a suit for the same article.

Also, a full line of socks, shirts, neckwear, etc. Come and see our large stock.

Will save you from 25 to 50 per cent. on every article bought of us.

G. TUCKER,

529 Main St., Paris, Ky.

Condon's Great Sacrifice Sale.

Everything in Our Store will be offered regardless of Cost for the next 30 days, and we mention just a few of the Bargains:

50 pieces of Simpson's Percales, 34c per yd.
Fancy Lawn in great variety, 4c per yd.
Domestic Organdie Lawn, best quality, 10c per yd.
Genuine French Organdie Lawns, 18c per yd.
36 in. Sea Island Percales, only 84c per yd.
White Duck Skirts, full width, for 50c.
Our finest Tap-d Ladies' Blended Vests, 10c.
Ladies' and Children's Seamless Hose for 10c.
Regular Dollar Summer Corsets for 50c.
Splendid Bleached and Unbleached Cotton, 5c.

We could give you columns of Bargains like these but space forbids, and we only ask you to call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Handsome Picture given with \$5-purchase

J. D. CONDON.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!

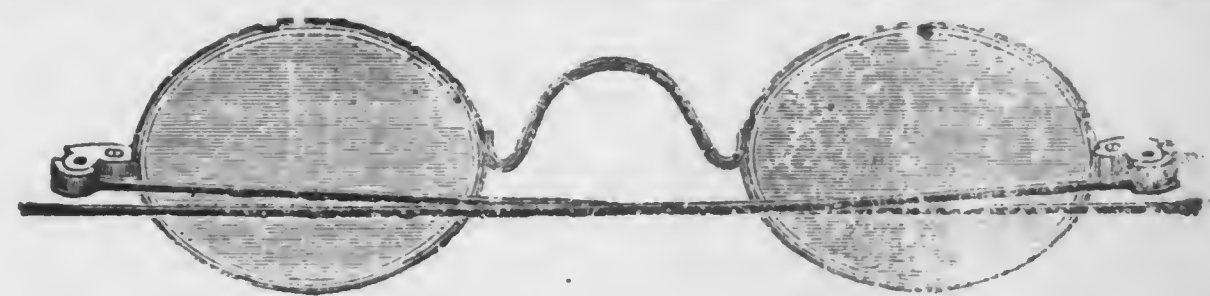
WE HAVE RECEIVED A SPLENDID STOCK OF
IMPORTED SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS
FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

Our Prices are lower than any house in Central Kentucky, where quality and style are considered. We ask you to give us a call.

F. P. LOWRY & CO.,

FINE MERCHANT TAILORS.

S. E. TIPTON, Cutter.



A. J. Winters & Co., of this city, have engaged the services of an eminent optician to be at their store, on the second and last Thursday of each month, who will test your eye-sight and fit you with glasses and guarantee satisfaction. Call in and have your eyes tested free of charge.

Next visit will be Thursday, June 30, 1898.



A POPULAR SOCIETY SWELL,

as well as the business man, or the man of fastidious taste in dress, always attires himself in the most irreproachable linen, as the customs of good society demands. They have found our establishment to be the laundry par excellence for transforming their soiled linen into "a thing of beauty" in color and finish, just like a new shirt, collar or cuff.

The Bourbon Steam Laundry,

W. M. HINTON, JR., & BRO. Proprietors.
Telephone No. 4.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]
Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners
BRUCE MILLER.

THE OLD HUNTSMAN.

There's a keen and grim old huntsman
On a horse as white as snow;
Sometimes he is very swift,
And sometimes he is slow.
But he never is at fault,
For he always hunts at view,
And he rides without a halt
After you.

The huntsman's name is Death,
His horse's name is Time;
He is coming, he is coming,
As I sit and write this rhyme;
He is coming, he is coming,
As you read the rhyme I write,
You can hear his hoof's low drumming
Day and night.

You can hear the distant drumming
As the clock goes tick-a-tack,
And the chiming of the hours
Is the music of his pack.
You may hardly note their growling
Underneath the noonday sun,
But at night you hear them howling
As they run.

And they never check or falter,
For they never miss their kill;
Seasons change and systems alter,
But the hunt is running still.
Hark! the evening chime is playing,
O'er the long gray town it peals;
Don't you hear the death hound baying
At your heels?

Where is there an earth or burrow?
Where a cover left for you?
A year, a week, perhaps to-morrow,
Brings the huntsman's death halloo;
Day by day he gains upon us,
And the most that we can claim
Is that when the hounds are on us
We die game.

And somewhere dwells the Master,
By whom it was decreed,
He sent the savage huntsman,
He bred the snow-white steed,
These hounds which run forever,
He set them on your track;
He hears you scream, but never
Calls them back.

He does not heed our suing,
We never see his face;
He hunts to our undoing,
We thank him for the chase.
We thank him and we flatter,
We hope—because we must—
But have we cause? No matter!
Let us trust!

—A. Conan Doyle, in the Spectator.

Case of Vincent Pyrrhitt

By BARRY PAIN.

THE death of Vincent Pyrrhitt, J. P., of Ellerton House, Ellerton, in the county of Buckinghamshire, would in the ordinary way have received no more attention than the death of any other simple country gentleman. The circumstances of his death, however, though now long since forgotten, were sensational, and attracted some notice at the time. It was one of those cases which is easily forgotten within a year, except just in the locality where it occurred. The most sensational circumstances of the case never came before the public at all. I give them here simply and plainly. The physician people may make what they like of them.

Pyrrhitt himself was a very ordinary country gentleman, a good fellow, but in no way brilliant. He was devoted to his wife, who was some 15 years younger than himself, and remarkably beautiful. She was quite a good woman, but she had her faults. She was fond of admiration, and she was an abominable flirt. She mistle men very cleverly, and was then sincerely angry with them for having been misled. Her husband never troubled his head about these flirtations, being assured quite rightly that she was a good woman. He was not jealous; she, on the other hand, was possessed of a jealousy amounting almost to insanity. This might have caused trouble if he had ever provided



HE HAD TURNED THE COLOR OF GRAY BLOTTING PAPER.

her with the slightest basis on which her jealousy could work, but he never did. With the exception of his wife, women bored him. I believe she did once or twice try to make a scene for some preposterous reason which was no reason at all, but nothing serious came of it, and there was never a real quarrel between them.

On the death of his wife, after a prolonged illness, Pyrrhitt wrote and asked me to come down to Ellerton for the funeral and to remain at least a few days with him. He would be quite alone, and I was his oldest friend. I hate attending funerals, but I was his oldest friend, and I was, moreover, a distant relation of his wife. I had no choice and I went down.

There were many visitors in the house for the funeral, which took place in the village churchyard, but they left immediately afterwards. The air of heavy gloom which had hung over the house seemed to lift a little. The servants (servants are always very emotional) continued to break down at intervals, noticeably Pyrrhitt's men, Williams, but Pyrrhitt himself was self-possessed.

He spoke of his wife with great affection and regret, but still he could speak of her and not unsteadily. At dinner he also spoke of one or two other subjects, of politics and of his duties as a magistrate, and of course he made the requisite fuss about his gratitude to me for coming down to Ellerton at that time. After dinner we sat in the library, a room well and expensively furnished, but without the least attempt at taste. There were a few oil paintings on the walls—a presentation portrait of himself, and a landscape or two—all more or less bad as far as I remember. He had eaten next to nothing at dinner, but he had drunk a good deal; the wine, however, did not seem to have the least effect upon him. I had got the conversation definitely off the subject of his wife when I made a blunder. I noticed an Erichsen's extension standing on his writing table. I said:

"I didn't know that telephones had penetrated into the villages yet."

"Yes," he said, "I believe they are common enough now. I had that one fitted up during my wife's illness to communicate with her bedroom on the floor above us on the other side of the house."

At that moment the bell of the telephone rang sharply.

We both looked at each other. I said, with the stupid affectation of calmness one always puts on when one is a little bit frightened:

"Probably a servant in that room wishes to speak to you."

He got up, walked over to the machine, and swung the green cord towards me; the end of it was loose.

"I had it disconnected this morning," he said; "also, the door of that room is locked, and no one can possibly be in it." He had turned the color of gray blotting paper; so probably had I.

The bell rang again—a prolonged, rattling ring.

"Are you going to answer it?" I said.

"I am not," he answered, firmly.

"Then," I said, "I shall answer it myself. It is some stupid trick, a joke not in the best of taste, for which you will probably have to sack one or other of your domestics."

"My servants," he answered, "would not have done that. Besides, don't you see it is impossible? The instrument is disconnected."

"The bell rang all the same; I shall try it."

I picked up the receiver.

"Are you there?" I called.

The voice which answered me was unmistakably the rather high staccato voice of Mrs. Pyrrhitt.

"I want you," it said, "to tell my husband that he will be with me to-morrow."

I still listened. Nothing more was said.

I repeated "Are you there?" and still there was no answer.

I turned to Pyrrhitt.

"There is no one there," I said. "Possibly there is thunder in the air affecting the bell in some mysterious way. There must be some simple explanation, and I'll find it all out to-morrow."

He went to bed early that night. All the following day I was with him. We rode together and I expected an accident every minute, but none happened. All the evening I expected him to turn suddenly faint and ill, but that also did not happen. When, at about ten o'clock, he excused himself and said good night I felt distinctly relieved. He went up to his room and rung for Williams.

The rest is, of course, well known. The man's reason had broken down, possibly the immediate cause being the death of Mrs. Pyrrhitt. On entering his master's room, without the least hesitation, he raised a loaded revolver which he carried in his hand, and shot Pyrrhitt through the heart. I believe the case is mentioned in some of the text books on homicidal mania.—Black and White.

A CLEVER IMITATION.

Two Imitative and Ingenious Children Play "Doctor" in the Most Realistic Style.

A certain Cleveland attorney has two bright little children. They are quick at imitation and have a talent for making up games in which they cleverly burlesque their elders. A few days ago their mamma found they were playing "doctor." The youngest child was the patient, with head wrapped in a towel, and the older the physician, with a silk hat and a cane. The mother, unseen by the little ones, listened at the doorway.

"I feel awful bad," said the patient.

"We'll fix all that," said the doctor, briskly. "Lemme see your tongue."

Out came the tiny red indicator.

"Hum, hum; coated," said the doctor, looking very grave indeed.

Then, without a word of warning, the skilled physician hauled off and gave the patient a smart slap in the region of the ribs.

"Ouch!" cried the sufferer.

"Feel any pain there?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," said the patient.

"I thought so," said the healer. "How's the other side?"

"It's all right," said the patient, edging away.

Thereupon the doctor produced a small bottle filled with what looked like either bread or mud pills and placed it on the table.

"Take one of these pills," the physician said, "dissolve in water, every 17 minutes—al-ter-mit-ly."

"How long mus I take 'em?" groaned the patient.

"Till you die," said the doctor. "Good morning."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why He Refused.

Sir Henry Hawkins, the famous justice of the queen's bench, explains his refusal to write his memoirs by saying: "If you begin by saying what a splendid fellow you are they call you egotistical, and as for saying anything against myself, I'll be hanged if I will. Would you?"

DEWEY'S COOLNESS.

Illustrated by an interesting incident in the Career of the Hero of Manila.

A good story is told of Commodore George Dewey, which illustrates not only his coolness and judgment in a moment of peril, but also the high regard in which he is held by the men under his command. It was during the spring of 1887, when Commodore Dewey, then a captain, had command of the flagship Pensacola, a sailing vessel, in the Mediterranean. While en route from Athens to the coast of Spain the vessel encountered a series of short but violent squalls, which not only greatly retarded her progress, but proved intensely wearing on the crew.

One night when the inconsistency of the weather was particularly annoying, the officer of the watch happened to be a young lieutenant who was very unpopular with the men, being what is termed in nautical vernacular a "bucko." Several times during the watch all hands had been called to shorten sail, and they were naturally very much exhausted from racing back and forth from the decks to the upper rigging. Finally the order was given to make sail, and the tired sailors set about to put it into execution. But, after the work had been accomplished and all hands had come down from aloft, it occurred to the officer that the men had not exhibited sufficient alacrity to suit him, and, advancing to the break of the poop, speaking trumpet in hand, he thundered a torrent of epithets at the crew, following it up with an order to lay aloft and go through the tactics of shortening sail by way of drill. Unfortunately, however, he had failed to reckon upon the inborn spirit of the American sailors, and right here their forbearance forsook them, and not a man of their number made a movement to execute the overbearing order. Wildly flourishing his trumpet, the now frenzied martinet threatened and cursed and stormed, but to no avail, the blood of the crew was up, and they cursed back, ridiculed, laughed him to scorn. Suddenly the sea and sky were seen to grow darker to windward, and it was clear that another squall was imminent.

Alive to the danger to which the ship, with all her canvas spread, was exposed, the lieutenant retreated from his threatening attitude, and urged, entreated, implored the men to save the vessel, but in vain—they had been driven to sheer desperation and only scoffed at him the more. Onward came the tempest, its fierceness foretold by the livid shafts of lightning which repeatedly flashed from its inky depths. The lieutenant, in despair, had sunk to his knees, with his face in his hands, awaiting the inevitable doom. Suddenly from out the cabin companion-way a form emerged. It was the captain. In an instant his glance had taken in all—the approaching storm, the defiant crew, the suppliant officer, the flapping sails, and then, clear and loud, rang out his order: "All hands shorten sail!" That was all. But it was sufficient. Before the last word of that command had been uttered the rigging was full of flying sailors, cheering their captain, as they sped to their task, and in a twinkling every foot of canvas had been stowed and the ship placed under bare poles. Even before they could regain the decks the gale burst upon the vessel, demonstrating only too forcibly the fate another moment's delay would have hurled upon her.

When the shock had passed and the crew had assembled in readiness to obey the next order, Capt. Dewey addressed his first words to the officer of the deck: "Go to your room," he said. Then, turning to the crew, he commanded, without the least suspicion of rebuke in his tones: "Boatswain pipe down!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BRITISH BOOTS.

Some That Were Evidently Meant for Cavalry, Not Infantry, Service.

There is likely to be serious trouble for somebody in connection with the ignominious collapse of the boots furnished to the British troops in Sir Herbert Kitchener's Sudan expedition. The matter has been ventilated so thoroughly in the press that it will be impossible to avoid investigation. The commanding officers of all regiments have been asked to send in full reports on their boots; but the facts are already well known. In a word, 45 per cent. of the boots of the British brigade were worn out before they reached Berber; and out of the 400 men who had to be put in boats at and before they reached Berber, the greater proportion had to go by river, not because they were sick, but because they had no boots to walk in. This collapse in boots took place after six weeks' wear, and was due to the soles coming away from the boots on account of their having been sewn on instead of riveted. It is admitted that men had a great deal of route-marching before they started on their march to Kassar; but it is argued that, however energetic a general may be, he ought not to be able to walk the boots off his men's feet in six weeks. Fortunately, the Sirdar was able to let the British brigade have 350 pairs of Egyptian boots, and it is said that the men liked them better than their own. If Mahmoud had moved more quickly than he did, and the British brigade had been required, as was fully expected, to march at once up the Atbara, 45 per cent. would have had to remain behind for want of boots or walk barefoot.—N. Y. Post.

His Poetic Wife.

"Ah!" sighed the poet, "I shall be satisfied if I can produce but one line that will make the world better."

"Say," said the poet's wife, "just come back here and try your hand at stringing this clothesline, will you?"—Richmond Times.

FUNNY FOLKS.

A Questionable Compliment.
Mrs. Borer—You heard my appeal last night in behalf of the advancement of women?
Mr. Blunt—Oh, yes; I was an attentive listener.
Mrs. Borer—What did you think of my arguments?
Mr. Blunt—I can unhesitatingly say that they were all sound.—Boston Courier.

Too Much of a Good Thing.
Experience is a teacher good
And makes his lessons understood,
But then we learn a thing or so
That we'd much rather never know.
—Brooklyn Life.

A REMARKABLE TRUTH.
Experience is a teacher good
And makes his lessons understood,
But then we learn a thing or so
That we'd much rather never know.
—Brooklyn Life.

He Was Out of Sight.
Yeast—Did you notice who umpired the game of ball to-day?
Crimsonbeak—No, I couldn't see; when I left the ground there were about 90 men on top of him.—Yonkers Statesman.

How He Won It.
"How did Ricketts come to be called colonel?" asked Cumsco. "He admits that he was never in the war."
"The substitute he hired reached that rank," replied Cawker.—Detroit Free Press.

Day Labor.
Clancy—Have ye anny tobacco?
Horrigan—Oh, hov, but th' rain has med it har-r-d to kape a light.
Clancy—Little do I care. Th' more I stop to loight me pipe th' more I don't work.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Keeping His Word.
Woman (angrily)—Here! You said that if I gave you your dinner you would cut that pile of wood.
Tramp (with dignity)—And I always keep my word, madam. I shall ignore it completely.—Brooklyn Life.

Destiny or Fate.
A little pool once loved the sun,
A little pool left from a flood;
The sun looked down with ardent glance
And then that puddle's name was mud.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HARD BATTLING.
"Merciful heavens! here's a sight! Oh, Tommy, you've been fighting again—just look at your clothes!"
"Yes, muvver; but you should see Bill Smivins—this ain't a patch on wot 'ee is."—Ally Sloper.

A Danger.
Much preliminary conversation
Projects fair may serve to balk.
Men who always "talk things over"
Generally overtalk.
—Washington Star.

Other Way Around.
Mrs. Nagley—Two-thirds of the scolding wives are caused by you men's clubs.
Mr. Nagley—No, my dear. The clubs are caused by the scolding wives.—N. Y. Journal.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss.
Hatterson—What are you going to give your wife for an anniversary present, old man?
Tatterson—She hasn't decided yet.—Puck.

Alas! The Fire.
No pelting rain can make us stay
When we have tickets for the play,
But let one drop the sidewalk smirch
And it's too wet to go to church.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE SPRINGS OF CHARITY.
"See, child: The Good St. Martin gave half of his coat to a poor, sick man who begged alms from him."
"Hm. I'd have given it all to him."
"Bless the little one's kind heart!"
"Yes, and then p'd' buy me a new one!"—Le Journal Amasani.

Tactics.
When you're angry, count a hundred; this is wisdom, so they say.
For it gives the man you're mad at Lots of time to get away.
—Chicago Record.

Chopping Him Off.
Soiled Spooner (sentimentally)—Me poor old mudder ain't seen me face fer 20 years, an—
Mrs. Flint (sarcastically)—Well, why don't you wash it?—Judge.

Agreed with Her.
"You were always a fault-finder," growled the wife.
"Yes, dear," responded the husband, meekly; "I found you."—Tit-Bits.

Not a Fit Man.
"It is perfectly ridiculous for Timmins to think of becoming an arctic explorer," remarked Goldsborough.
"Of course it is," replied Dillingham. "He couldn't deliver a lecture to save his life."—Detroit Free Press.

Delights of the West.
"Have you a healthy climate out here, Mr. Larriat?"
"Healthy? No man has ever died a natural death since I've been here, an' that's nigh on to 30 years."—Detroit Free Press.

A Matter of Finances.
Blossom—I don't believe in long engagements.
Ben There—Nor I, if one wishes to have enough money left to set up house-keeping respectably.—Ainslee's Magazine.

An Anecdotalist.
Little Willie—Your gran'pa is an awful old man, isn't he?
Little Bob—Yes, indeed! Why, he can remember clear back to the time when people threw bootjacks at cats!—N. Y. Truth.

Impossible.
Pruyn—Why, aren't your wife's gowns of the latest style?
Brobsom—Of course not! That woman was never punctual in her life!—Brooklyn Life.

Driven to It.
"Her father says positively that I can't marry her."
"What are you going to do?"
"There's nothing left now but to ask the girl."—London Graphic.

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EAST BOUND.

Lve Frankfort.....	6:30am	8:00pm
Arr Elkhorn.....	8:40am	8:20pm
Arr Elkhorn.....	8:40am	8:20pm
Arr Stamping Ground.....	7:02am	7:38pm
Arr Duval.....	7:08am	7:38pm
Arr Georgetown.....	7:20am	4:30pm
Lve Georgetown.....	8:00am	4:30pm
Arr Newdown.....	8:12am	4:30pm
Arr Louisville.....	8:22am	4:30pm
Arr Elizabethtown.....	8:28am	4:30pm
Arr Paris.....	8:40am	5:00pm

WEST BOUND.

Lve Paris.....	9:20am	5:00pm
Arr Elizabethtown.....	9:32am	5:00pm
Arr Louisville.....	9:58am	5:00pm
Arr Newdown.....	10:08am	5:00pm
Arr Georgetown.....	10:20am	5:00pm
Lve Georgetown.....	10:40am	5:00pm
Arr Duval.....	11:00am	5:00pm
Arr Stamping Ground.....	11:08am	5:00pm
Arr Elkhorn.....	11:22am	5:00pm
Arr Frankfort.....	11:40am	5:00pm

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CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY. TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND.

FARM & GARDEN.

CIRCULATION IS LIFE.

And for This Reason Farmer and Merchant are Extremely Interested in Good Roads Building.

The roads and highways of a civil division are the veins and arteries of the human system, says the Suffern Independent. Life and health, that is, business and prosperity, of each part can be had and secured only by the freest circulation, and the conduits must not be allowed to clog. While the limb would wither if the circulation was interrupted, the heart would also suffer. Where would the proud city of New York be without her magnificent railways, and what would have been her condition if the great blizzard of 1888 had continued a month?

The village with its paved streets and flagged walks may say: "Let the farmer build his roads; he is the party benefited." The lord of the manor who surrounds his grounds with a high wall and moat, and then beautifies his place for his own enjoyment and benefit, may be wise if he has within himself all he requires to satisfy his needs.



ROAD NEAR YARLEY, PA.

(A Clog to Prosperity as Well as Comfort.)

The village which has placed its streets in perfect condition and has neglected the highways leading thereto, has arranged, like the lord of the manor, to live in seclusion.

Has the village all it requires? Does it depend upon anything or anybody for its existence, growth and prosperity? Is it not, in fact, most dependent? Does not every village depend upon the extent of the accessible area of which it is the center and metropolis, and the prosperity of that area?

The village cannot shift the burden upon the farmer, nor the farmer upon his brother farmer. Each is interested, and the contiguity of the highway is but an incident. Suppose the Erie railroad were abandoned; whose loss would be the greater, that of the farmer living within one-half mile, or the one a mile distant?

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

The Numbering of Farm Houses and Free Rural Mail Delivery Would Add to Its Comforts.

Residents of the country desire to see the rural districts placed in every practicable way on an equality with the city, and city dwellers are gradually learning that the whole land would be materially benefited in many ways if this end were attained. The improvement of highways by state aid is a long step in the right direction, and makes possible the introduction of other features calculated to ameliorate conditions and bring the back country districts into closer touch with the world. Easy means of communication, more rapid transit, the electric car everywhere crossing the land, free rural postal delivery, and some plan for naming roads and numbering houses so that the farm house may be as readily located as the city house, are among the improvements that the near future ought to bring.

A plan for the last-named purpose is being pressed by the California Cultivator. All roads, beginning at the county seat or end nearest, are divided into sections of one mile each, and each mile into ten blocks, with an odd number for one side and an even one for the other. The houses on each block are designated by the block number, with a distinguishing letter following it. This locates every house and tells how far it is from the beginning of the road. To find block 434, divide by two (as blocks 1 and 2 are opposite each other), getting 218, and then divide by ten (as there are ten blocks to the mile), and it will be plain that block 434 is 21.8 miles from the beginning of the road. The adoption of this plan, the Cultivator thinks, would pave the way for a speedy enforcement of a rural free delivery of mails.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Six Best Winter Apples.

The best six kinds of apples for family use in winter and for market as well are the King, Spy, Spitzenburg, Baldwin and Greening, for sour apples; and for sweet apples, Pound Sweet for early use and the Belle Bonne for late use. This last apple is a great keeper, of most delicious quality and a great bearer. It is an old Connecticut fruit and has been crowded out of sight by inferior sorts. To this list might be added Hubbardston, Nonesech and Seck-No-Parthen as apples almost sure to return clean crops. It is remarkable how well these apples resist the attacks of insects and fungi.

In using rennet for making cheese use about 2½ ounces—prepared rennet—for 1,000 pounds of milk.

DO NOT OVERFEED.

How Dairywomen Can Make a Complete Success of Feeding the Calves by Hand.

We are particularly anxious that our readers should make a complete success in growing calves by hand this year. As we have said before, the hand-raised calf has become an economic necessity both for the farmer and the feeder, and in fact for the state. The impression has become general that this calf cannot be grown on separator milk. We have held steadily to the contrary for two or three years, and have given enough letters from farmers who have been solving the problem to satisfy every reader that, given the separator milk sweet and properly balanced with cornmeal at the beginning, and shelled corn afterward, this calf can be grown to perfection. We wish, however, to warn our readers against overfeeding. It will not do to suppose that if a calf does well on four quarts of milk that it will do twice as well on eight, nor will it do to suppose that if the milk is not properly balanced more of it will make up for the lack of balance. We are satisfied that a large number of the calves that are spoiled in starting them in life on separator milk, are spoiled by overfeeding. The separator milk from one good cow will grow two good calves; it is properly balanced. The calves do not need much over half of the milk, and if the other half is fed to the pigs, balanced in the same way, there will be plenty of profit to the man who goes at it intelligently. Be careful about overfeeding with separator milk, and be careful that what you do feed is properly balanced with corn meal or flax seed meal to start on, and with shelled corn after the calf is two months old.—Wallace's Farmer.

RUNNING A CREAMERY.

Why a Good Many Enterprises of This Kind Have Proved Financial Failures.

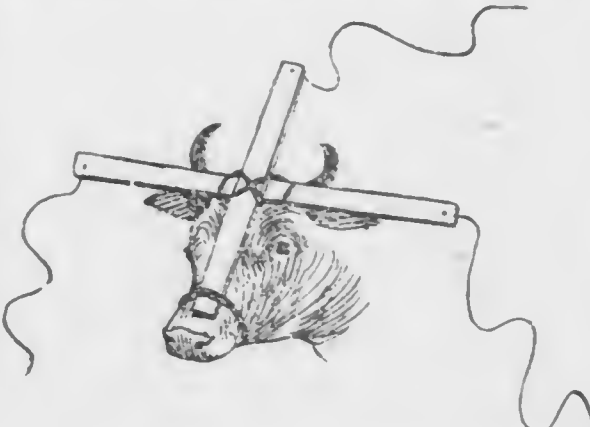
There are at least two good reasons why many of the creameries in different localities have proven a failure. One of the principal ones is a lack of milk. The creameries were built all right and with proper management, would have turned out a good quality of product but the amount of milk was insufficient. To pay running expenses and the natural consequence was failure. White creameries pay, they can only be made to pay with plenty of milk, and in working up a cooperative creamery one of the first items to look after is the supply of milk. The farmers must not only keep cows but they must keep good dairy cows and be willing to sell the milk at a fair price, and there must be a sufficient number of cows to keep the creamery running every day. Make sure of the cows before undertaking the building. Another cause is the investment of too much money. Too high a price is paid to the promoters of the scheme. The dairy business is of slow growth and if, after a careful canvass the milk of only 300 cows can be received it is rather poor economy to invest in a building and machinery to work up the milk of 500 cows. Then be sure that, considering quality, you are paying a fair price.

One of the schemes worked that has caused more failures than any other is to induce the farmers and business men to take stock in a company to pay for a creamery that the promoters will put up all complete ready to make butter, and at two to three times what the building and machinery could have been put in had more care been exercised in the buying.—Dakota Field and Farm.

HOW TO CONTROL THEM.

An Ingenious Contrivance Which Makes the Management of Unruly Bovines Very Easy.

Fasten a stout stick about six feet long to the horns, allowing it to project equally on either side of the head. Perpendicular to this place a stick four feet long and fasten it to the lower part of the head by means of the ring in the



HOW TO CONTROL CATTLE.

bull's nose, or in the case of any other animal a strap just back of the muzzle. Bind the sticks securely together where they cross. Place ropes in the three ends, get behind the animal, and he can be easily managed, as great leverage is secured. If he tries to run straight ahead pulling on the upright will throw the head up in the air.—Orange Judd Farmer.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

It is claimed that if moldy and rotted feed is fed to cows, the butter will not "come." That is reasonable.

The oil meal trust is seeking it to the dairymen and breeders right along. It is advising heavy feeding of oil meal. Don't do it. Feed oil meal in very limited quantities.

Whole flaxseed ground meal is as good, and perhaps better, than oil meal. We believe that oil meal, fed recklessly, fed as it is advised to be fed by the oil meal trust, has killed thousands of animals.

If the butter from the milk of a herd does not come, it may be caused by the fault in one cow. Put the milk of separate cows in self-sealing glass jars, and after 12 hours, shake vigorously, until the butter comes. If there is broth instead of butter, that cow's milk is at fault.—Western Plowman.

PEOPLE-IN-LAW.

Necessary Evils That Must Be Submitted To in Every Well-Regulated Family.

People-in-law are necessary evils. If people will marry, they must submit to the infliction of a number of new relations. Sometimes this infliction is bitter, sometimes sweet and sometimes it has very little taste, but generally it has a taste.

When a man and a woman join hands at the altar they contract an alliance not only with each other, but, in an indirect way, perhaps, with their respective families. Many do not attach much importance to this fact, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that no amount of sophistry can explain away.

A young woman has promised to marry the man who appears to her possessed of all the attributes that make up a manly man.

She has long ago made up her mind, however, that John's sisters are "loud" and his mother "impossible," she wonders how such people can have a son and brother like "dear John," and after marriage she intends keeping them at a distance.

The wedding day arrives, and she hears John's mother call her "daughter," but to her ears it does not imply much; is only one of the forms to be gone through on that happy day.

Then comes the honeymoon time, and for two whole weeks the bride has John all to herself. No thoughts of his relations intrude themselves on that blissful time.

When the couple return to town to take up their abode in the cozy home that "dear John" has prepared, Mrs. John finds herself greeted by her mother-in-law and sisters-in-law, as well as by her own mother and quiet school-girl sister. The two latter, however, are quite overshadowed by John's relations, and Mrs. John resents the fact in her heart.

As the days go by she discovers that her people-in-law show no disposition entirely to relinquish John's society because he has married a wife. He is still the son and brother, although he has become a husband, and the first frown that she remembers to have seen on his brow is caused by a petulant remark of hers that she wishes his sister Flora would stop somewhere else than with them, while her own home is shut up during the temporary absence of the rest of the family.—Alan Cameron, in Lippincott's.

Trimnings for Summer Skirts.

Nearly all the new summer gowns are trimmed, sometimes with a certain stylish simplicity, but usually in a most elaborate fashion. Many of the summer silk frocks are trimmed from hem to belt with row upon row of fine lace insertion, or with alternate rows of lace insertion and ruffles. This style of trimming is quite as appropriate for organdie as for silk. Some of the most elaborate imported gauze and net gowns show double and even triple skirts, each with showy garnitures of ruching and ruffles. When the silk skirts are trimmed with ruffles or flounces of the same material, the edge of each ruffle or flounce is trimmed with a ruching of mousseline de soie or Brussels net, or the flounces and ruchings both may be of the muslin or net. When a skirt is cut with a deep circular frill set on a yoke, the frill is often entirely hidden under rows of narrow net ruchings, and the yoke is covered by puffs of net, usually of black over color. Nearly all of the new gauze sashes are edged with ruchings, and sleeves and yokes are completely covered with close-set rows of muslin or net. It is fortunately a trimming easy to make, and inexpensive.—Demorest's.

Avenge His Troubles.

"Can we see easily now why Spain deserves they've been mixing Manila rope said an old smoker in a Seventeenth street cigar store.

"Any special reason?" asked the cigar store man.

"Yes, of course there is. Don't you see they've been mixing Manila rope and Havana tobacco together for years and enjoying the profits. I didn't know this till I got some new history pounded into me by this war, but I knew I had been smoking a whole lot of rope."—Denver Times.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, June 13.
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common & 2 10 @ 3 50
Select butchers' 4 10 @ 4 50
CALVES—Fair to good light 5 00 @ 5 75
HOGS—Common 3 15 @ 3 70
Mixed pickers 3 75 @ 3 80
Light shippers 3 40 @ 3 85
SHEEP—Choice 3 35 @ 3 75
LAMB—Spring 6 10 @ 6 30
FLOUR—Winter family 4 25 @ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 66 18
No. 3 red 66 15
Corn—No. 2 mixed 66 25
Oats—No. 2 66 12
HAY—Prime to choice 9 50 @ 11 25
POULTRY—Miss P. 11 25
Lard—Prime steam 66 25
BUTTER—C. O. dairy 17 12
Prime to choice 17 12
APPLES—Per bbl 3 00 @ 3 25
POTATOES—New, per bbl 2 50 @ 2 75

CHICAGO.
FLOUR—Winter patent 5 40 @ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 80 1/2 @ 81 1/2
No. 3 Chicago spring 80 1/2 @ 81 1/2
CORN—No. 2 33 1/2 @ 34 1/2
OATS—Mixed 30 1/2 @ 31 1/2
PORK—Mess 9 65 @ 9 70
LARD—Steam 5 65 @ 5 70

NEW YORK.
FLOUR—Winter patent 6 12 @ 6 15
WHEAT—No. 2 red 29 1/2 @ 30 1/2
LARD—No. 2 mixed 30 1/2 @ 31 1/2
RICE 57 1/2 @ 58 1/2
OATS—Mixed 30 1/2 @ 31 1/2
PORK—New mess 11 75 @ 12 00
LARD—Western 6 12 @ 6 15

BALTIMORE.
FLOUR—Family 5 00 @ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 100 1/2 @ 101 1/2
Corn—Mixed 94 @ 101 1/2
Oats—No. 2 white 32 1/2 @ 33 1/2
RICE—No. 2 western 60 1/2 @ 61 1/2
CATTLE—First quality 4 10 @ 4 40
HOGS—Western 4 40 @ 4 50

INDIANAPOLIS.
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 66 90
Corn—No. 2 mixed 66 32 1/2
Oats—No. 2 66 28

LOUISVILLE.
FLOUR—Winter patent 3 75 @ 4 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 80 1/2 @ 81 1/2
Corn—Mixed 30 1/2 @ 31 1/2
PORK—Mess 9 65 @ 9 70
LARD—Steam 5 65 @ 5 70

A WAR PLAN.

The Spaniards Made a Brave Stand, But the Fire Was Too Heavy for Them.

A detachment of Spanish infantry approached the silent, gloomy building on Leicle avenue, Boston. "Halt!" cried the brave commanding officer; then he knocked at the door.

A window in the third story flew up and the face of a pretty girl appeared in the opening. "Oh, girls! Oh, girls!" she shouted, "it's the Spanish."

In another moment every window in the four-story establishment was up, and each American held a laughing sample of the great American beauty. The hearts of the Spanish beat high with hope. Ha! but what was that?

Something whizzed from a window and a Spaniard bit the dust. Another, and yet another. Then the air was full of flying missiles. Volley after volley, the bullets fairly rained on the small band. Hardly a man was left to tell the tale.

"Report of the commanding officer: 'Surrounded a Boston cooking school today and were gallantly routed; girls attacked us with doughnuts and biscuits; supply of ammunition seemed inexhaustible. Caramba! And I had heard of the 'biscuit shooters' of the great western nation. To be taught napping, oh, it is too mean. Seventy dead and the boys made a brave stand.'"—N. Y. World.

OF A LOWER ORDER.

Woman Has Progressed, But Man Is Yet in a Benighted State.

A few weeks ago a new play was tried upon a town near New York. The author was a man, but in some way he had learned a good deal about women's mental processes; and when the leading lady proceeded to cut a Gordian knot by methods strictly feminine, a girl in the audience beamed appreciatively. "Oh, you wily creature," she murmured, addressing the absent dramatist. Then she turned impulsively to a serious-looking woman who sat beside her.

"Now how could he have known she would do just that? He certainly must have been a woman in some far-off incarnation."

Her neighbor's seriousness became severity, and she frowned the frivolous young person down.

"That is quite impossible," she said, with impressive gravity. "Evidently you haven't studied the subject. Woman is a progressed state. A man may look forward to being a woman in a future incarnation; but he belongs to a lower order and has never been feminine in the past."

Then she wondered why the girl found the rest of the play so funny.—N. Y. Sun.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

From the Free Press, Detroit, Mich.
A prominent business man recently expressed the opinion that there is one thing that will prevent women from completely filling man's place in the business world—they can't be depended upon because they are sick too often. This is refuted by Mrs. C. W. Mansfield, a business woman of 58 Farrar St., Detroit, Mich., who says:

"A complication of female ailments kept me away from business for some time. I could get no relief from medicine and hope was slipping away from me. A young lady in my employ gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I took them and was able to rest at night for the first time in months. I bought more and took them and they cured me as they also cured several other people to my knowledge. I think that if you should ask any of the druggists of Detroit, who are the best buyers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they would say the young women. These pills certainly build up the nervous system and many a young woman owes her life to them."

"As a business woman I am pleased to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. As they did more for me than any physician, and I can give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People credit for the fact that I am now in good health to-day."

No discovery of modern times has done so much to enable women to take their proper place in life by safeguarding their health as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions, they restore the strength and health to the woman when every effort of the physician proves unavailing.

For the growing girl they are of the greatest benefit, for the mother indispensable, for every woman invaluable.

For paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and other diseases long supposed incurable, these pills have proved their efficacy in thousands of cases.

The first gray hair that a man finds in his hair he thinks must have been caused by trouble; it certainly wasn't age.—Arlinson Globe.

AN OPERATION AVOIDED.

Mrs. Rosa Gaum Writes to Mrs. Pinkham About It. She Says:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I take pleasure in writing you a few lines to inform you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done me. I cannot thank you enough for what your medicine has done for me; it has, indeed, helped me wonderfully.

For years I was troubled with an ovarian tumor, each year growing worse, until at last I was compelled to consult with a physician.

He said nothing could be done for me but to go under an operation.

In speaking with a friend of mine about it, she recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, saying she knew it would cure me. I then sent for your medicine, and after taking three bottles of it, the tumor disappeared. Oh! you do not know how much good your medicine has done me. I shall recommend it to all suffering women.—Mrs. ROSA GAUM, 720 West St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The great and unvarying success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in relieving every derangement of the female organs, demonstrates it to be the modern safeguard of woman's happiness and bodily strength. More than a million women have been benefited by it.

Every woman who needs advice about her health is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass.

A FAMILY FAILING.

The struggle with Heredity.

The Right Side of the Color Line.

To heredity, to the transmission of traits from sire to son, we owe most of the possibilities of growth and development. If each newly born being started out anew, without the force of heredity the level of life might be expected to be that of the digger Indian or Bushman. Naturally had traits descend like the good. Peculiarities of feature, eccentricities of speech and manner, birth marks, etc., are handed down just as surely as manual dexterity, physical beauty, mathematical ability, and the mental and moral qualities in general. A curious example of this descent of family traits is furnished by Mrs. Maggie Pickett, Canton, Ga., in whose family gray hair was hereditary. She writes:

"Gray hair is hereditary in our family. As long as I can recollect, my mother's hair has been gray. About twelve years ago, my hair began to show signs of turning. I resolved to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and after using it only a few times my hair was restored to its natural color. I still use this dressing occasionally, a bottle lasting me quite a while; and though over forty years of age, my hair retains its youthful color and fullness. To all who have faded gray hair, I would heartily recommend Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor."—Mrs. MAGGIE PICKETT, Canton, Ga.

"About three years ago, my head became full of dandruff, which caused great annoyance; after a time the hair began falling out. The use of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the hair from falling out, and made the scalp clean and healthy."—Mrs. C. M. AYER, Mount Airy, Ga.

Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor is noted as a dressing. It is used every day by thousands whose chief claim to beauty rests on beautiful hair. Send for Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a story of cures told by the cures. Address the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



A Beautiful Present

FREE for a few months to all users of the celebrated ELASTIC STARCH, (Flat Iron Brand). To induce you to try this brand of starch, so that you may find out for yourself that all claims for its superiority and economy are true, the makers have had prepared, at great expense, a series of three

GAME PLAQUES

exact reproductions of the \$10,000 originals by Muville, which will be given you ABSOLUTELY FREE by your grocer on conditions named below. These Plaques are 40 inches in circumference, are free of any suggestion of advertising whatever, and will ornament the most elegant apartment. No manufacturing concern ever before gave away such valuable presents to its customers. They are not for sale at any price, and can be obtained only in the manner specified. The subjects are:

American Wild Ducks, American Pheasant, English Quail, English Snipe.

The birds are handsomely embossed and stand out natural as life. Each Plaque is bordered with a band of gold.

ELASTIC STARCH

has been the standard for 25 years. TWENTY-TWO MILLION packages of this brand were sold last year. That's how good it is. ASK YOUR DEALER to show you the plaques and tell you about Elastic Starch. Accept no substitute.

How To Get Them:

All purchasers of three 10 cent or six 5 cent packages of Elastic Starch (Flat Iron Brand), are entitled to receive from their grocer one of these beautiful Game Plaques free. The plaques will not be sent by mail. They can be obtained only from your grocer. Every Grocer Keeps Elastic Starch. Do not delay. This offer is for a short time only.

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FOR DECORATING WALLS AND CEILINGS. Purchase a package of MURALO paint dealer and do your own decorating. This material is a READY MIXTURE to be applied with a brush and becomes as hard as Cement. Milled in twenty-four tins and works equally as well with cold or hot water. IF SEND FOR SAMPLE COLOR CARDS and if you cannot purchase this material from your local dealers let us know and we will put you in the way of obtaining it. THE MURALO CO., NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK.

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IMPERFECT IN ORIGINAL

HER CHAFING DISH.

When Fanchon to her chafing dish
Repairs and lights the alcohol,
We look for miracles and wish
That fate may let us share them all.
Though not to glutinous inclined,
We laugh with gossamerous glee,
And each in turn with secret mind
To eat this dish is enough for three.

For Fanchon is a cook supreme
Of dainties which the dish may hold,
A grackle, a piece of the steam
Which rises from the steam more than gold.
Her chafing dish is croquettes
Are passed in deliciousness,
Her croquettes and her omelets
Achieve the climax of success.

And yet I wonder can it be
That Fanchon's skill is so unique,
I know what savor all for me
Are her chafing dish and glowing cheek.
Well, Fanchon, cheer to the arm
And to the hands whom men desire,
But don't get scorched, young lady, when
You're playing with the dairy fire.

—Chicago Record.

SAFE BEHIND IRON DOORS.

How a Brooklyn Sacrament Service Is
Protected From Thieves.

It is generally accepted as a fact that the most expensive and elaborate tabernacle for the services in this country is that belonging to St. Augustine's church, Brooklyn. Formed entirely of gold and silver and studded with precious stones, it would prove a rich haul for the daring but sacrilegious marauder. This fact was fully appreciated by the church authorities, who have devised a plan of protection which is as near perfect as can be. It is an electric system, unique and effective, and now when the congregation arrives the tabernacle is in full view, but as soon as the congregation is dismissed the tabernacle disappears completely, apparently without human aid.

Two great heavy harveized iron doors, which have been covered with gold leaf, roll forward at the press of an electric button and completely conceal and protect the costly chancel. These folding doors meet in a dome at the top to afford protection in that direction. The motion of the doors is slow and easy, special apparatus being devised for the purpose, the doors moving on heavy roller bearings. The motion is imparted to them by means of a system of gears, actuated by an electric motor installed directly beneath in the cellar. In order that no one should have access to the actuating push buttons these are placed in a regulation fire and burglar proof vault of massive construction, the combination to which is known only to the rector and his associates. All the wires leading to the motor from the source of supply are connected at various points to the local police and burglar alarm service, so that should any one tamper with the wires notification would be given immediately. The safe doors are so constructed that should any one attempt to drill through them other electric circuits would be closed and the alarm given. When the doors before the tabernacle are closed, it is completely inclosed in heavy iron on all sides, so that it is much safer than if an armed guard stood watch before it. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Homes of the Anthracite Miners.

A group of papers dealing with the Pennsylvania coal regions appears in The Century. Jay Hambridge gives "An Artist's Impression of the Colliery Region." Mr. Hambridge says of one of the "patches" where the miners live: Each little house, with the boxes, cubby holes and fences about it, has been built by the man who lives in it. And he is a laborer, a struggler for mere existence, not deft in the use of tools, nor with an eye for the symmetrical, nor with an appreciation for anything beyond the most primal facts of living. The roofs of the buildings slant at all angles, with no two sides of the same length or deflection. One portion will have eaves, while its companion will scorn the luxury. The same incongruity prevails everywhere. Some of the small openings used for windows are high, while others are low. One door will open in and another out. The hinges have evidently come from the company scrap pile, and the staples and latches and locks from the same source. Some of the roofs have shingles, others weatherboards, while others are formed of great pieces of rusty sheet iron.

George Got His Wheel.

George had wanted a bicycle for a long time. Last year his birthday was embittered by the fact that he did not get the much coveted wheel, and so he awaited the day this time with much anxiety.

During the week before he regularly and earnestly resorted to prayer that he might have his desire granted. His parents really feared for his faith should he again be disappointed. Therefore on the morning of his birthday he found awaiting him by his bedside a beautiful new wheel.

When his mother entered the room, she found him delightedly gazing upon it.

"Well," he called out cheerfully, "I thought the Lord wouldn't have the nerve to refuse this time." —New York World.

Still In the Lead.

It is true, auntie, that you have read Blakely every year for the last 20 years.

"My dear," the first time I refused to read it, he was not good.

"And I'm not the woman who has grown better any day," she said. —Detroit Free Press.

The Hindoos of India are made envious by the soap almost as good as the Hindoos of India.

It is a fact that the Hindoos of India are made envious by the soap almost as good as the Hindoos of India.

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HAGGARD & REED's new laundry is doing first-class work. Give us a call. (If) HAGGARD & REED.

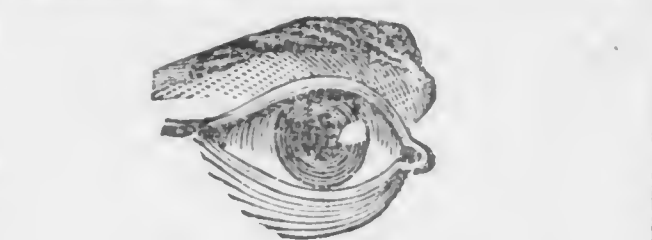
Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

Cures a Prominent Attorney.



M. R. C. PHILLIPS, the leading pension attorney of Belfast, N. Y., writes: "I was discharged from the army on account of ill health, and suffered from heart trouble ever since. I frequently had fainting and smothering spells. My form was bent as a man of 30. I constantly wore an overcoat, even in summer, for fear of taking cold. I could not attend to my business. My rest was broken by severe pains about the heart and left shoulder. Three years ago I commenced using Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, notwithstanding I had used so much patent medicine and taken drugs from doctors for years without being helped. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure restored me to health. It is truly a wonderful medicine and it affords me much pleasure to recommend this remedy to everyone."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.



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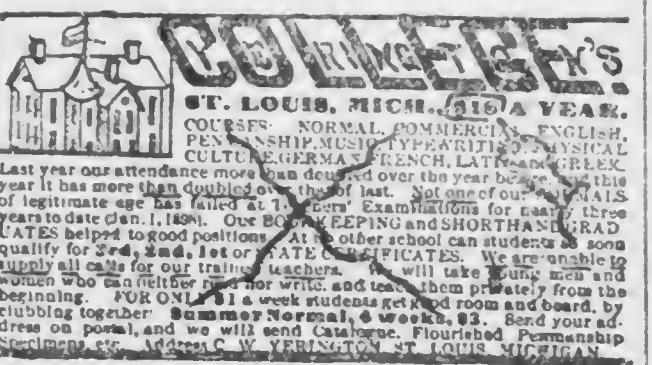
As agent of The Page Woven Wire Fence Co., I am prepared to put up the best wire fence on the market. It is guaranteed to turn all kinds of stock and to give satisfaction.

I have put up fence this season for farmers who have had the Page Fence in use for seven or eight years.

I am also prepared to put up the best Chicken Fence on the market.

If you are needing any fence give me a call.

O. W. MILLER, Agent,
PARIS, KY.



CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND.
Lv Louisville..... 8:30am 8:00pm
Ar Lexington..... 11:15am 8:40pm
Lv Lexington..... 11:25am 8:50pm 8:30am 5:50pm
Lv Winchester..... 11:35am 9:00pm 9:15am 6:30pm
Ar Mt. Sterling..... 12:22pm 9:50pm 9:30am 7:00pm
Ar Washington..... 8:55am 3:40pm
Ar Philadelphia..... 10:15am 7:45pm
Ar New York..... 12:40pm 9:55pm

WEST BOUND.
Ar Winchester..... 7:30am 4:50pm 6:50am 2:50pm
Ar Lexington..... 8:00am 5:20pm 7:35am 3:45pm
Ar Frankfort..... 9:11am 6:30pm
Ar Shelbyville..... 10:01am 7:25pm
Ar Louisville..... 11:00am 8:15pm

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Wright's Celery Tea is sold by all druggists

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It prints the news of all the world, having special correspondence from all important news points on the globe. It has brilliant illustrations, stories by great authors, a capital humor page, complete markets, departments for the household and women's work and other special departments of usual interest.

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FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI RY

In Effect March 1, 1897.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

EAST BOUND.

Lv Frankfort..... 6:30am 3:00pm
Ar Elkhorn..... 6:45am 3:15pm
Ar Switzer..... 6:55am 3:25pm
Ar Stamping Ground..... 7:05am 3:35pm
Ar Duvalis..... 7:15am 3:45pm
Ar Georgetown..... 7:25am 3:55pm
Ar Newtown..... 7:35am 4:05pm
Ar Centerville..... 7:45am 4:15pm
Ar Elizabethtown..... 7:55am 4:25pm
Ar Paris..... 8:05am 4:35pm

WEST BOUND.

Lv Paris..... 9:20am 5:30pm
Ar Elizabethtown..... 9:35am 5:45pm
Ar Newtown..... 9:45am 5:55pm
Ar Georgetown..... 10:00am 6:10pm
Ar Duvalis..... 10:10am 6:20pm
Ar Stamping Ground..... 10:20am 6:30pm
Ar Switzer..... 10:30am 6:40pm
Ar Elkhorn..... 10:40am 6:50pm
Ar Frankfort..... 10:50am 7:00pm

GEO. B. HARPER, C. D. BERCAW,
Gen'l Supt., Gen'l Pass. Agt.
FRANKFORT, 1, Ky.

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Murry, Ind., Sept. 17, 1896.

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Columbus, Ohio.

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Yours Respectfully,

MRS. LAURA WEISHAUF.

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Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

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To the Wright Medical Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Gents:—I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from James T. Blaser, druggist, Waverly, O., and used them for Stomach Trouble and Constipation. I was unable to do anything for nearly two years. I used three boxes of your Celery Capsules and they have cured me. For the benefit of others so afflicted I wish to send this letter.

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W. S. ANDERSON.
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